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WHITE DWARF

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WHITE DWARF

ISSUE 78

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Having said I was going to give up writing the Editorials for this magazine, here I am again! Still, I'm not going to do all the work, since I have popped into the new Design Studio in Nottingham to write a quick introduction to the new Editor: Paul Cockburn.

Some of you will remember Paul from the time when he used to edit a certain other magazine (or did I just *imagine* that?), and he is also one of those responsible for *GameMaster Publications*. And now, of course, he will be bringing new life to *White Dwarf*. Watch the next few issues and you'll see what I mean; more colour, new ideas, different features, a whole new look. It looks like everything is changing around here except the name – and the fact that this is still the best place to find all your favourite gaming ideas.

But, enough of all this: let him earn some of his money. Over to you, Paul ....

Ian Livingstone

Thanks, Ian. I'd just like to say ....

contd next issue

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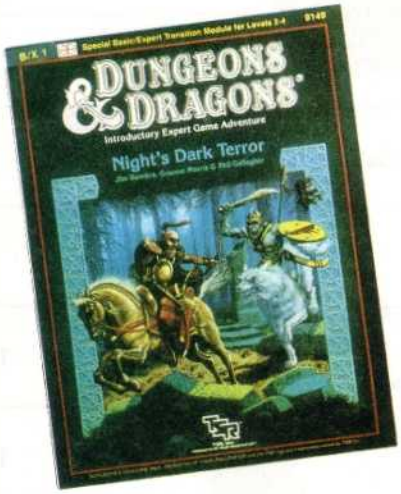


B/X1-NIGHT'S DARK TERROR

Roleplaying Adventure - D&D

TSR £7.95

This describes itself as 'A Special Basic/Expert Transition Module for Levels 2-4', and is clearly aimed at people who have just purchased the **D&D Expert Rules**, and are upgrading their Basic campaign. Since the emphasis in the Expert rules is on getting out of the dungeon and into the wilderness, it comes as no surprise that this is a wilderness module, set in the area of Eastern Karameikos from maps 1 and 2 in the Expert rulebook. What is surprising, though, is the size of it. For your money, you get a 56-page booklet, a huge double-sided fold-out map, a smaller colour map sheet and a sheet of *Battle System* style die-cut counters, plus the area map inside the module cover itself.

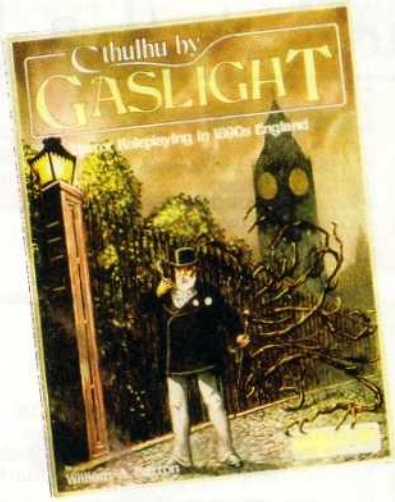
The introduction reiterates some basic points about wilderness adventures, and gives the background history of the area, plus a rundown on the Iron Ring, a sinister secret society which has a lot to do with the action.

The action starts off in a beleaguered farmstead, which is nicely detailed; one side of the huge map is a 25mm scale plan which can be used with the counters to play out the action in detail – a nice idea. Then, there are more than 20,000 square miles of wilderness to explore, with 18 locations including a number of mini-dungeons which might be used in any context. In addition, there is a ruined city, a riverside village, a frontier town, and an entire lost valley for the players to explore, all the while dodging the minions of the Iron Ring, who wait for them at every turn. There is enough here to keep the fastest-moving party going for some time, and a section of suggestions for further adventures can help the GM to open out a long-running campaign in the area.

Everything is written and laid out very well, except for the numbering system in the wilderness, which can be confusing on the first read-through (for example, location W1 becomes W18 on a later visit, but W18 is not entered on the map), and the GM who is feeling his way into the Expert rules will find B/X1 a tremendous help. I have no idea what TSR's policy will be on such things, but I can't imagine a better module to put in the boxed set with the Expert rulebook.

All this and eleven new monsters too – and for those whol like to be partisan about these things, it's written in Britain by Jim Bambra, Graeme Morris and Phil Gallagher, whose previous honours include the **Imagine** scenarios *Round the Bend*, *The Mound In The Ring* and *The Necklace of Lilith*.

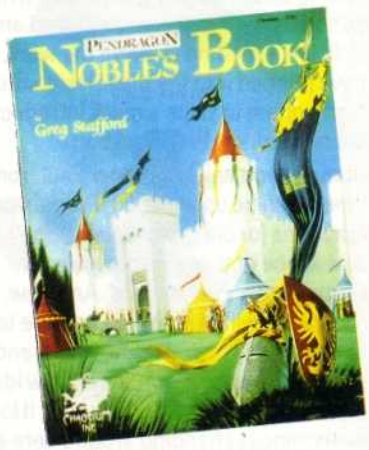
Graeme Davis



CTHULHU BY GASLIGHT

RPG Supplement - Call of Cthulhu

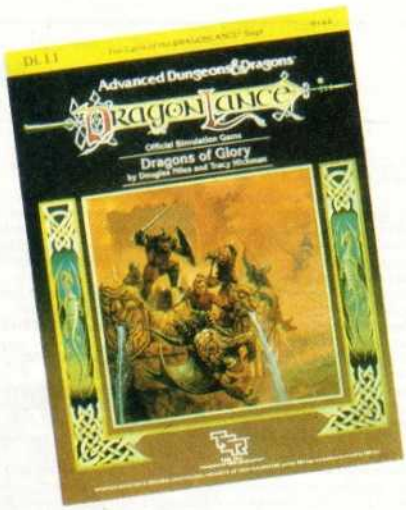
Chaosium £14.95



THE NOBLES BOOK

Campaign Supplement - Pendragon

Chaosium £11.95



DL11-DRAGONS OF GLORY

Simulation Game - AD&D

TSR £8.95

WARNING! This latest **Dragonlance** product is *not* an AD&D adventure module. **Dragons of Glory** is a simulation game. The chunky pack contains a stiff (double cardboard) cover with some tables and text on the inside for use in the game, a huge map in two sections covering the entire continent of Ansalon and surrounding islands, 400 die-cut counters, a zip-lok bag to put them in (just one?), a rule book and a campaign/scenario book at 8 and 16 pages respectively.

Physically, the game has good and bad points. The mapsheets are thin, and tear easily. The counters are *very* pretty in two-tone colour with black or white overlay printing, but the reverse side was a bit off-target.

The game itself isn't brilliant either. The rulebook is rather unhelpful, and I would have thought that TSR, since they now own SPI, could have put this together rather better. In particular, counter explanation is very poor, there being no key as to which colours represent which nations. The game mechanics involve d10s, d6s and d4s, which is very messy and entirely unnecessary. The rules are very simple and anyone who has played a simulation game before should find them easy in the extreme to pick up, though there are unclear points, which is again unnecessary in a game this simple.

Examples of this are the retreating before

Put away your Thompsons and don your deerstalkers – Chaosium have provided some meaty guidelines for playing scenarios and campaigns in Victorian England during the years 1890-1900, some thirty years prior to the games usual period.

The Cthulhu rules are necessary to use this boxed supplement, which consists of a 56 page *Sourcebook for the 1890's*, an A2 size plan of the city of London, a 48 page scenario book and a character sheet revised for the period.

Of most immediate interest to Keepers will be the Sourcebook, which is far more comprehensive than the 1920s equivalent, and contains a wealth of information essential to simulate the background and society of the times, along with much of the minutia to give colour to this fabric. The book starts with an expanded list of occupations ranging from Clergymen to Rogues, along with the skill changes which reflect the lesser technology of the era.

The main section details the timeline of '90s England, its personalities and events, many of which inspire scenario possibilities, such as the discovery and excavation of the Palace of Knossos, the fire which gutted Harrods, and the first studies of Radio-activity (with, of course, the invention of earmuffs).

The geographical and social studies are almost entirely devoted to England and especially London, and while they are very good, they ignore the rest of the world. As this was the Age of Empire and our dogged adventurers will doubtless travel it in their investigations, this is a sad ommission.

Library sources are well covered, along with a guide to the law and the more mundane lawbreakers. This is followed by a section detailing the mystic groups which flourished in this age of revolutionary science. Much of this section could easily be used as background for later periods and a little name changing will create psuedo-scientific and occult groupings to challenge the curious.

The inclusion of ballpoint pens seems to be the only anachronism in the price list. In contrast, the period dress section adds colour, though it points out a lack of suitable miniatures for this era.

Time travel in several forms is included to allow non-Victorians to jump back for one-off adventures. If this seems slightly forced, the booklet also provides justification as to how and why this might take place. Two additional timelines are provided, one linking H G Wells' stories to the Mythos, and the other involving the ultimate investigator himself, Mr Sherlock Holmes. Including the Martians as a Lesser Independent Race will suit some and horrify others.

It is with Holmes that the scenario book addresses itself, with an involved storyline easily split over several sessions of play. Whether it was the butler or the outer gods whodunnit, I leave for you to deduce.

The only major problems with this book are a few irritating proofreading errors. What few information gaps there are can easily be filled by background reading and extrapolation. Overall this is a good buy for anyone wanting an English campaign or as a challenge to those souls jaded by the Arkham countryside, and is recommended to those who appreciate sane game design.

Tim Wilson

Surely one of the most frustrating things about the Chaosium is the way they are always tinkering with their games systems. Second editions, supplements with rules amendments - they almost bring out games in magazine style, with a bit extra every month. You'd give up on them if they weren't producing some very good games.

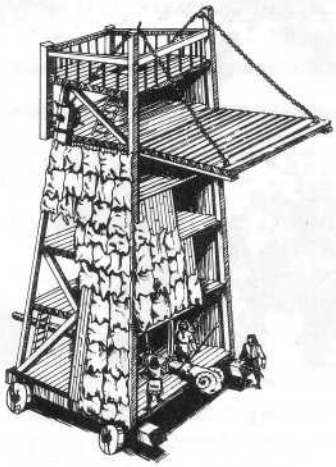
The Nobles Book is a typical Chaosium supplement for the **Pendragon** game. The plan is for there to be separate rulebooks for each of the stages in the career of an Arthurian character, from Squire, to Knight to Noble and finally to King. So, the Nobles Book is a guide to running a feudal desmense, fighting small battles, building castles and being the King's right hand man – or worst enemy. The career of the Knight is expanded beyond the landless, household knight, to allow for the staging of tournaments (expanded rules), the stewardship of a fief (new rules) and the different tasks the higher nobility are called to do by their liege (revised rules).

All the changes are for the better. The warfare rules allow greater flexibility, and show how raids, invasions and sieges can be handled, as well as setpiece battles. The glory section shows how it isn't just *what* you do, but *how* you do it and *who* you do it for that counts. The introduction of high-level feudal economics makes the passage of years in this game much more vibrant; a crop failure, raids from the accursed Saxons – and then the King demands you send half you knights to help him fight some battle somewhere. Great adventure material and the sort of deep background all games require.

The production is OK, though not top-drawer. The maps of forts, villages, small towns, hill forts, etc are dire, though the pull-out castle diagram is a useful design-aid. No Lisa Free artwork, which is a pity. There are lots more shield designs, and an expanded heraldry section, which is something any role-player might be grateful for.

Not bad this, and worth buying – just so long as it isn't revised in a month or two ....

Paul Cockburn



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combat option and the moving capital rule. The latter makes a farce of one of the 4 small scenarios offered along with the two campaign games. In *The Fall of Silvanesti*, the Highlord (baddie) player has to capture the Elves' capital to win – all the Elves have to do therefore is wait until turn 2 and 'disband' their capital, whereupon it is suspended on the Time-Track until the end of the game and the Elves win. As for retreating before combat, this is an option given to 'air' and 'cavalry' armies being attacked by ordinary ground forces, and a sensible option it is too. However, the attackers are allowed to make an 'advance after combat' (even though there hasn't been any). At this point the rules state that the advancing armies can't attack the defender who choose to retreat – which is fair enough. But there is no mention of whether they are allowed to attack anyone else, a very crucial point.

This game didn't appeal to me as a simulation gamer – it's not a patch on *White Bear, Red Moon*, or SPI's *War of the Ring*, both of which are excellent fantasy games. It seems to have been rather hastily put together and the rules and charts could have been much better organised, having more charts printed directly on the mapboard or the inside cover, for example. There was no great feeling of fantasy with the game, since it rapidly degenerated into 'counter-pushing' exercises, and fiddly ones at that.

One final use for the game is that of providing a unique historical background and context for a **Dragonlance** campaign. If you are thinking of starting a DL campaign, it suggests you play this simulation game through in full to produce your own timeline of events in the world of Krynn, so that (if you keep a record of forces' positions over time) real 'news' can be related to the characters, they can encounter various armies, creatures or leaders at the appropriate points and so on. The idea sounds fine, but I see it rather hard to relate to reality, particularly the amount of book-keeping necessary. It would take a very dedicated GM! It also seems to be about ten DLs too late, since surely 99% of those who are ever going to run this campaign have started already.

Overall, I hesitate to recommend this game to anyone but the **Dragonlance** fanatic who has had some experience of simulation games. It's not a very good introduction for the novice (as I suspect it was intended to be), and is not a particularly enjoyable to the shelves of a simulation wargamer.

Graham Staplehurst

Cosmic Encounter

by Paul Mason

Cosmic Encounter is a classic. People say that about many games, but in this case it's certainly warranted. A game which perfectly combines strategy, diplomacy and (above all) fun, using simple rules, can't be anything else really, can it?

Each player controls an entire alien race, and must strive for mastery of the galaxy. The galaxy in question is represented by the playing board which shows six solar systems, each of which have five planets. All these are rendered in luscious colour. Devotees of the old edition of the game should note this – no more tatty black and white hexagons – Cosmic Encounter has entered the Space Age!

The game's basis couldn't be simpler. Each player's alien race must establish bases on 5 planets outside its home system to win the game. Bases are established by invasion – spaceships (represented by plastic tokens) being transported across the emptiness of space by means of the **Hyperspace Cone**. This fascinating item regulates play, as players take turns to launch up to two attacks through it. The Hyperspace Cone is a whimsical entity, whose location is decided not by the player, but by Destiny. A pack of cards (the **Destiny Deck**) is used to determine which system will be the lucky recipient of the invading fleet.

The expansionist Cosmic General must now decide how many ships are to be committed to the attack. Players start the game with 20 – four on each of their five home worlds.

Up to four ships from any given race may be accommodated in the Cone, which is then directed at one of the planets in the victim's system. Both parties involved – the attacker and the unlucky defender, may then call for **allies**. These other players may then join in with up to 4 ships apiece, persuaded by the promise of a base (if they aid the attacker), or a reward (if they help the defender). The two **main players** each select a **Challenge Card** from their hands (dealt at the start of the game), and play these face down. Once the cards are revealed, the outcome of the invasion is determined. **Attack Cards** (the majority type of Challenge Cards) have numbers printed on them. This number is added to the total number of tokens on the player's side. The higher total wins. **Compromise Cards** (the other type of Challenge Cards), are a means of attempting to settle matters through diplomacy. Against a concerted attack (opponent plays an Attack card), they concede the battle (but earn a **consolation** of stealing a Challenge Card from the victor's hand for each spaceship lost). If both players compromise, they have a minute to come to an amicable agreement, involving an exchange of cards and/or a base. If they don't agree, they both lose spaceships!

Whether through straight victory or an opponent compromising, all ships in the loser's side (including allies) are consigned to the scrapheap, or the **Warp**, as it's called in this game. This pocket of non-space is the destination of all losers – but it's not permanent. One ship may be reclaimed from the Warp before each attack a player makes, and defensive allies claim tokens from the Warp as part of their reward for allying with the winning side.

A simple game, no? But as with all the best, it's the refinements which make the difference. And in Cosmic Encounter nothing is sacred. Even the rules already described can be warped out of all recognition! So far all has been Order. Now for Chaos ....

*'The huge fleet swooped down upon the unassuming little planet. Each of the monolithic Macron vessels was the equal of four standard ships. It seemed nothing could stop them. Then, suddenly, they vanished in a flash of white non-light. Anti-Matter had reduced the proud would-be conquerors to less than nothing. But somewhere across the galaxy, the Healer was at work. Its mutant lore and science could reverse even the power of a white hole, and the Macrons were soon speeding home, their sub-light drive exhaust between their tail-fins. The Healers celebrated – for virtue was not their **only** reward'.*

So, Cosmic Encounter has a gimmick: each alien race is able to subvert the rules in some way. There are 32 alien powers given in the game, so the interplay between the aliens will be different each time you play it.

There's one final refinement that must be mentioned. Mixed in with the Attack and Compromise cards are **Edicts**. These may not be used in Challenges. Instead, they represent the intervention of some greater agency into the Cosmic interplay.

Each Edict has a powerful effect on the game, and for this reason are played and then discarded. Effects include the cancellation of an alien's power for the duration of a challenge (Cosmic Zap), the freeing of *all* spaceship tokens from the Warp (Mobius Tubes), the prevention of any or all alliances in a challenge (Force Field), and several others.

How do you win a game of Cosmic Encounter? What's the secret formula? Well, unfortunately, the secret formula is so secret that I haven't cracked it yet! However, what I *do* know is that the diplomatic aspect to the game is crucial. If you make enemies early on in the game, by being vindictive or gloating too much, then there's a good chance you'll wonder where all your potential allies went. This is a tremendously fluid game. You can often find yourself fighting somebody who was your ally on the last challenge. So one piece of sound advice is to keep your head down – keep a low profile. It's surprising how many games can be won simply by not drawing attention to you conquests. With all the alien power-play going on, players often don't take the time to assess exactly what the situation is: who's got how many bases. This is something you *must* do, to prevent an opponent from sneaking a win.

A whole book could be written on the best strategies for individual powers, and even that wouldn't be able to take account of the most important part of the game – your personalities. In some ways, Cosmic Encounter is a crude role-playing game. The player with the deadly Virus power (which *multiplies* his tokens by the number on his challenge card rather than the usual addition), will frequently become an arrogant, assertive type, certain of his ability to walk all over any opponent. A subtler power, such as the Gambler (who may bluff his opponent on the value of his Challenge card – he doesn't have to reveal it unless the opponent takes the risk of calling the Gambler's bluff) produces a wily individual, resembling a poker player. All this makes the atmosphere of a Cosmic Encounter game virtually unique.

The original game was backed up with a long succession of Expansion Kits, some of which were (to put it mildly) a bit dodgy in places. The *Moons* for example, included such things as a situation where all players had to speak in rhyme, or one had to sing a little song about his power. When they developed the game, Games Workshop selected the good bits, and cut out the more unproductive aspects.

However, having selected 32 powers to go into the 2nd Edition Game, they found there were still some interesting powers left, deserving of publication. So on the opposite page you'll see four new powers to add to your game. Cut them out, and mount them, back and front, on thin card. If they stand out too much, and players can pick them by feel when selecting powers during set up, you may have to introduce a new system for picking powers (for example, using cards from a normal pack of playing cards, keyed into particular powers). You will also have to keep Alien Power cards *well* hidden, if using the 'Hidden Powers' option given in the rulebook, to avoid giving the game away.

There's not a lot to be said about the powers – they're fully explained. I must mention the Reincarnator, however. This one causes all kinds of Chaos in the game as the lucky owner frequently changes power. It's not as powerful as it may first appear, since you can't really come up with a long-term strategy when you don't know what your power is going to be! Oh, and keep an eye out for the Warrior. His experience points make him a particularly dangerous foe, and since he begins the game without any particular advantage it's often easy to discount him.

So, that's the game of Cosmic Encounter. A game for schemers, dictators, generals, weirdoes, aliens, and, of course, gamers! Now in a gorgeously produced edition. It just has to be a must!

PENALIZES FOR REFUSING TO ALLY

GRUDGE

GRUDGE

You have the **power of revenge.** Whenever you are one of the two players in a challenge, if you invite another player as an ally and he chooses not to come to your aid, if you win the challenge (or make a deal) he loses 4 tokens to the warp. These lost tokens cannot include tokens he used to ally with the other side.

History:
Suffering from a species history of almost uninterrupted betrayal and disappointment, the originally kind Grudges gradually grew cynical. Expecting no good will from others, they began to brood and resolved to wreak vengeance on all who would turn aside from their outstretched suction disc of friendship. Now adept at revenge, the Grudges gaze spitefully at a world that has denied them fellowship. They will get even! They will repay!

Do not use in a two-player game.

ADDS EXPERIENCE POINTS

WARRIOR

WARRIOR

You have the **power of mastery.** Each time you are one of the two players in a challenge, you accumulate one point if you win (or make a deal), or two points if you lose (or fail to deal). You keep a running total of your points throughout the game, starting at zero. Whenever you play an Attack card in a challenge, you add your present experience points to your total in the challenge.

History:
Once considered ferocious but dull-witted by more "enlightened" races, the Warrior clans were bred as fighting stock for the petty squabbles of their lords. Throughout the ages, however, they have learned the value of both defeat and victory. This wisdom gives them mastery over those who would sneer at their potential.

CHANGES POWER WITH OPPONENT

CHANGELING

CHANGELING

You have the **power to change form.** When you are one of the two players in a challenge you take your opponent's Alien Power Card and give him yours. You do this as soon as the defensive player is determined. The challenge is now carried out. The Changeling power may be used *only once* per challenge. When you change into an Alien, you get all facets of his power; e.g. the Miser's Hoard, the Warrior's Points, the Schizoid's Terms.

History:
The childlike Changelings love play, and gleefully anticipate new experiences. Recently they have developed the unsettling ability to shed their psyches in exchange for those of others. Their standard greeting of "I just don't seem to be myself today" provokes panic in many a passing acquaintance as the Changelings leapfrog about the Cosmos.

Do not use in a two-player game.

USES POWERS NOT IN GAME

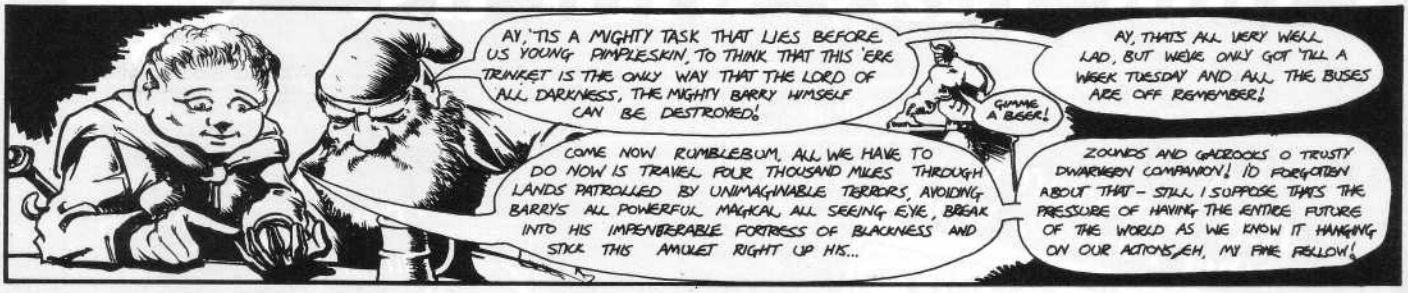
REINCARNATOR

REINCARNATOR

You have the **power of reincarnation.** Whenever you are involved in a challenge as a player or ally and you lose (or fail to deal), you reincarnate. That is, just before the next challenge begins, you draw an Alien power card at random from the pile of those not in use and become that Alien. If it cannot be used in the game, draw another. When you lose as that Alien, discard it and draw another, etc. The Reincarnator power stays with you while you use the others. In a game with the Plant or Insect, they may copy your current incarnation, but if they lose they must reincarnate, and the Plant or Insect power is out of the game.

History:
Having conquered the fear of death, the Reincarnators rejoice with the passing of each of their kind. Feeling kinship with all life forms, they know that those who die will soon be born again in an endless cycle.

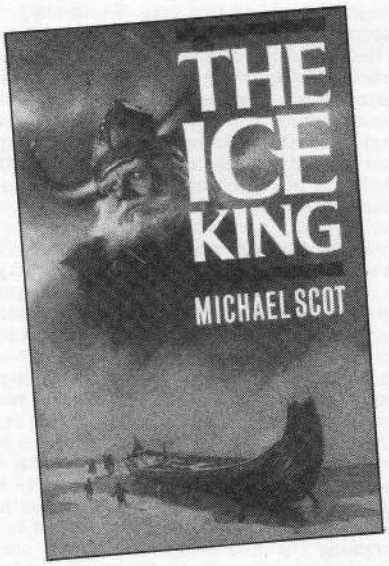
THRUD THE BARBARIAN



CRITICAL MASS

a regular book review column, written by Dave Langford.

A Dollop of Evil



One difficulty for role-players and writers is the good old theological Problem of Evil – like how and why? Quest after quest sets out to zap the vile (though obscurely motivated) Black Lord in his mountain-ringed stronghold, with such mono-tonous success you'd think school careers officers would have stopped recommending Black Lordship jobs. From a literary viewpoint it seems too easy: you set up Black Lord with Abominable Minions, and the fantasy questers (be they never so wimpish) duly knock them over. Evil should be a bit closer to home than this externalized straw-man figure .... which is why Tolkien also gave us Gollum, Boromir, Saruman and Denethor.

Mary Brown's approach in **The Unlikely Ones** (Century 426pp, £10.95) is to sweep Evil hastily under the carpet, with the death of the wicked witch whose curses fuel the plot. Thereafter her victims trek through yet another dewy mediaeval Britain, complete with a cursed knight who wants his sword mended and armour rustproofed, a cursed and masked maiden who believes herself impossibly ugly (that she isn't comes as no surprise whatever), and several cute cursed fauna – unicorn, cat, toad, crow, even a cursed goldfish. Their quest: to return the property of a dragon, under the guidance of a cranky illusionist. The obstacles are remarkably unthreatening, the most notable being a castle with a terrible secret (which proves to be a fondness for blood sports – good Animal Lib propaganda here) and a Sheloboid spider (too easily vanquished by D&D-style problem-solving). Later, all these obstacles are revealed as harmless and illusory. Meanwhile, the knight's curse can only be lifted by his proposing marriage to an impossibly ugly woman ....

The book has modest charm and a fresh style, but everything glides along with the happy predictability of a Mills & Boon romance. I'd rate it higher if only there were a few genuine surprises.

Unwin, of Unicorn fame, have launched an SF paperback line called Orion. **Time-Slip** (164pp, £2.95) is by Graham Dunstan Martin, one of Unicorn's three best discoveries (the others being Gwyneth Jones and Geoff Ryman). In a shambolic post-holocaust Scotland, Martin's new messiah tackles the classic problem of evil with an argument crazily combining the anthropic principle (the universe is the way it is because only this universe produced us to observe it) with 20th-century black art – the many-worlds interpretation of quantum mechanics (every decision splits reality, so that everything happens, including the best of all possible outcomes). The forking paths of time are occasionally mirrored in the narrative). **WD** readers will appreciate the way they're mirrored again in "fantasy gamebook" choices. As Niven theorized in *All the Myriad Ways*, a many-worlds philosophy is hopeless in everyday life. Martin makes it blackly clear that his protagonist's religious cure-all leads to an upswing in the evil it explains away.

As for Scotland's survival after World War III despite the growing consensus that *no one* can survive, I suppose it's explained here by the daft theory of the book itself ....

There are no evil people in Gwyneth Jones' **Escape Plans** (Orion 246pp, £2.50) – just uncaring or uninformed ones. That's all you need for a nightmare future, totally oppressed by and totally dependent on information systems. Each man loves the thing that kills him; the lowest of the low want to submerge their humanity still further and become components of the "oversystem". The heroine, Alice (ALIC in acronymic), is a dilettante from the orbital ruling class, who whimsically descends into the inferno of programmed India and gets stuck .... as revolution brews.

This is a terrifically compelling vision of a world where data processing systems have completely sunk in – no longer a part of the environment, they *are* the environment. Unfortunately they've also sunk into the language; Jones' welter of neologisms and acronyms is initially overwhelming, and I kept furtively turning to the glossary. Occasionally a definition appears in the narrative, breaking the spell: *whom* in her world is the narrator explaining to when she mentions a "deeby" and then translates with "Direct Brain Access (DB)"? But it's worth wading through the alphabet soup for the story.

"Michael Scot" is Michael Scott Rohan and Allan Scott, collaborating on **The Ice King** (NEL 252pp, £9.95). Archaeologists dig up an Ancient Evil, and .... no, don't run. For once, the archaeology is real (the authors know their stuff), not to mention computerized. The ancient unpleasantness is also highly authentic, crafted with both knowledge and love of Norse myth's blacker byways. Fimbulwinter closes in on a Yorkshire village, nasties stalk the night, international data-nets ferret out the truths behind legend, a professor of archaeology goes on a research trip to the Corpse Strand and Yggdrasil, and the appalling Ice King is not (in the last analysis) wholly unsympathetic. Good rousing stuff.

Another vision of evil comes from the Arabian Nights, where djinni do dreadful things in a kind of innocence, but the blackest deeds are human. Seamus Cullen catches the mood in **A Noose of Light** (Orbit 216pp, £2.50), at the same time magical and rumbustiously rude – this book tells you more than you wish to know about a djinn's sexual apparatus and proclivities.

The humour and cruelty are faithful to the source: evil-doers are unremittingly punished, while the reward of virtue is often skimpy until after you're dead. Unevenly paced, but an OK read.

John Brunner offers a slightly enigmatic SF novel, **The Tides of Time** (Penguin 235pp, £2.50). A mysterious black man and white woman enact little scenes on a Greek island, each episode further back in history, with no linkage of memory or continuity. They tell each other fables about former colleagues who've somehow been destroyed by their own desires. As the repetitive chapters go by, one turns the pages faster, wondering what the hell it's about. The final scenes explain all, in a splurge of FTL travel, fugue states, variable stars, and the Earth-soul Gaia; this dense mass of exposition sits oddly at the end of a slow-moving work. Brunner's philosophical contention probably needs a whole book. Here it gets about 30 pages, and it's a tribute to his skill that he keeps you reading until then.

A Nest of Nightmares (Sphere 208pp, £2.50) is Lisa Tuttle's first horror collection .... there are, of course, 13 stories. Most have appeared in *Fantasy and Science Fiction*, which for cognoscenti is a hallmark of quality. Tuttle writes well and knows just how to push the gooseflesh button. I'd say more, but it's difficult to type while trembling under the bedclothes.

I enjoyed Guy Gavriel Kay's now-reissued **The Summer Tree** (Unicorn 323pp, £2.95), literate and gripping despite a dismayingly routine Black Lord in the mountainous background. But for deep insight into Evil, where better to look than **Artifact of Evil** (TSR 352pp, £2.25) by gaming's own Dark Lord, Gary Gygax? At the first glimpse within, my soul was purged by the brutalities visited upon the English language. To quote **WD's** enlightened Submissions Guidelines: "Themes to be avoided are 'adventure' write-ups ...." **Artifact of Evil** is an *AD&D* campaign write-up. 'Nuff said.

SOLAR POWER

by Gary Holland

Norbert Parkinson's childhood was not outwardly exceptional, but his early experiences must have influenced his later maladaptive development; there are hints that he was shy, reclusive, and prone to reading too much. It was in early adolescence that his illness first became apparent to the trained observer, and this coincided with his taking up the intensive playing of so-called "role-playing games". Recently, his psychosis has become manifest and he lives in a world occupied by elves, goblins, dragons, evil wizards and diverse other fantasy figures ....

Dr. Daniel Feizenbaum read through the case notes again. A sad story; an academically promising young man, with the promise of possible brilliance. Perhaps, he thought, I should look at some of these role-playing games to give me some common ground for psychotherapy with him. He checked his crowded diary and decided to settle for the liquid cosh instead. At that moment his staff nurse - Scottish, red-headed, very attractive and exotically obsessional - stuck her head round the door of his office after giving the usual reverential knock.

"There's a mister Basil something to see you, doctor." Upon learning that mister Basil something had an appointment, the doctor imperiously waved an invitation to send him in. The nondescript little man in the shabby burberry coat shuffled in and sat down. The nurse went back to preparing depot injections for the patients.

"Mr ...? I don't think I caught your name." He smiled with the professional unctuousness characteristic of the more liberally inclined psychiatrist.

"Baazerath, actually. Do you mind if I unpolymorph myself?" Feizenbaum casually looked down at the hypos and bottles of *major* tranquilizers. This was no ordinary fruitcake. When he looked up again, the chair opposite was occupied by a figure some 12 feet tall, with leathery wings, nasty-looking fangs and big talons, gently exuding wisps of smoke and a pungent sulphurous odour. Feizenbaum considered using a hypo on himself at this point.

"Oh, I wouldn't do that. Long-term use causes brain damage, you know; burns out your mesocortico-limbic circuits. Permanent feeblemind job. Not recommended." The devil took a box of cigars from a stout pouch at its belt, lit one with a delicate fiery snort, sat back and inhaled deeply.

"I am *not* seeing this."

"Of course you are - don't be silly. In case you don't know, I am a Pit Fiend, and I have what at this stage we may call a *request* to make". There was a strong undercurrent of threat in the voice. Feizenbaum reached for his desk telephone, but the clawed hand swept it away from him, on to the floor. The claws then unleashed a single horny digit, pointing directly at him.

"I said a *request*. It will be much better for you if you co-operate." The devil gazed at the sagging figure opposite, who sat sadly repeating "this is an hallucination" over and over, rocking slightly to and fro. Baazerath took another drag on his havana and thought for a moment.

"This is a shock for you, I see. Perhaps I can .... ah .... soften the blow a little; it might make you feel a little less disturbed about things", the devil said considerately. Feizenbaum broke off mumbling and stared at him. "Perhaps", the devil continued, "a little epistemology might comfort you.

"You think I'm an hallucination. Well, that depends on how you look at things. There are, more or less, three ways of understanding what's going on in the world. The problem with people like you is that you're one of the first type: people who believe that there *is* a real world which can be discovered as it really is through science and experiments and all that crap. Technically, this philosophical posture is known as naive realism but in the infernal regions we refer to such people as *idiots*. You know the sort; computer scientists, physicists, the type you treat for the chronic neuroses which arise from their sordid little emotional repressions. Boring aren't they?" Feizenbaum nodded mute agreement, but felt mounting disbelief at being lectured on philosophy by an hallucination.

"Sorry, disbelief only works against illusions and I'm not one of them. Now, where was I? Oh yes, the second lot. Well, they're the florid nutters who believe that material reality is an illusion, true reality is spiritual, the world as *Maya* and all that nonsense. They're the *fantasists*. Of course, you give them the really heavy pharmacological arsenal whereas the idiots only get the minor tranks. Pity, really, because the fantasists are at least more amusing and less dangerous - *they* weren't the ones who invented biological and chemical warfare, atomic weapons and all that stuff. On the other hand, at least the idiots don't force dead flowers and luridly coloured books containing the half-witted writings of emigre Indian gurus on people at airports." Baazerath looked with mild displeasure at the rapidly diminishing cigar. "The quality's gone down since they ousted Battista, you know. Ah well, that's the Prime Material for you."

"*Now*", suddenly leaning forward and with a definite edge to his voice, "things get interesting. The third lot are epistemological interactionists. That's a hell of a long term - no pun intended there - so we can call these people the *wise guys*. Some of the wise guys consider there *is* a real world of sorts, but it's not directly knowable, and its nature is in *some* manner influenced by the construction of it made by the human mind. With me so far?" Another mute nod. "So, in some way, major changes in dominant theories of the nature of the world actually alter the world - or reality, if you prefer that dubious term. And they're right, of course. Which brings me to my request. Norbert Parkinson."

"Norbert Parkinson?"

"Yes. Strange as it may seem, Norbert Parkinson is a Reality Mutant."

"What the hell is a Reality Mutant?"

"Droll little joke, doctor, but a trifle redundant to my previous usage. Well, Reality Mutants are people capable of producing major changes in dominant theories of reality and thus affecting it over a period of time. Newton was one - the idiots got him - then Einstein, obviously, and Freud to a lesser extent. Now, after Terry Wogan, there's young Norbert".

"*Terry Wogan?*" A shriek of disbelief.

"Oh, yes indeed. Perhaps you do not realise that for every 100 hours of watching the .... ah .... entertainment he hosts the viewer permanently loses one IQ point. The cumulative effects of this on consensually perceived reality may be quite impressive eventually. Of course, it's not his fault directly; perhaps we can refer to that fine fellow as an Indirect Catalyzing Reality Mutant." Feizenbaum was completely slumped in his chair by now, glazed eyes staring vacantly at his desk. The devil continued its remorseless attack.

"But Norbert Parkinson - now he is a *major* Reality Mutant. In fact, he's the most powerful Reality Mutant your world will ever know. Norbert has an unparalleled knowledge of role-playing

games and he will invent a game so utterly and completely compelling that the nature of reality will shift, because the game structure and the currently perceived structure of reality overlap so insidiously that after a while nobody will be able to tell the difference. Get the picture?"

"I .... I think so." Feizenbaum was still in a state of shock. "But - aren't you a thing from a game?"

The devil smiled happily. "Yes, that's what most people think. The process has already begun, but Norbert Parkinson is the only person who can complete it. You must release him. You have 24 hours to consider my request. If, after that time, Norbert Parkinson has not been released, I'm afraid I shall have to put a wall of fire under your chair, and since you're only a second-level shrink, that'll be the end of you. Make an appointment for me for the same time tomorrow, will you? I must teleport off now."

The devil vanished, leaving behind only the smell of fire and brimstone, singe marks on the chair, and the stub of a havana cigar smouldering in Feizenbaum's ashtray. The psychiatrist cancelled his appointments for the rest of the day, went home, and consumed a generous quantity of Polish raw spirit.

"A Mr Sharashta to see you, doctor." Feizenbaum nodded vaguely; his head still hurt badly from the 140° liquor the night before and he still had to face the fact that his hallucinated devil had left some disturbingly tangible evidence of its visit. He hardly noticed the handsome young man in the Games Workshop T-shirt slip into his office.

"Ah, Dr. Feizenbaum. If I may use a motoring simile here, I think your brain is still in neutral. Try engaging it into bottom gear. Do you mind if I unpolymorph myself?"

Feizenbaum was beginning to get the hang of this by now. "No, of course not", he replied with a trace of hysterical grandiosity. "This is about Norbert Parkinson, isn't it?"

"Uh-huh", replied the angelic creature opposite, comfortably folding his wings around the back of the chair.

"You're a planetar?"

"Been reading the game books I see. No," this with displeasure and a trace of tetchiness, "I'm a solar, actually. The point of my visit is that Norbert Parkinson must *not* be released. He is too powerful a Reality Mutant. Your world couldn't handle it; you're mostly evil and almost without exception chaotic and there's no doubt the other side would gain the advantage. The devils would like it because they could rule a chaotic world with little trouble and the demons would make lots of converts too. So we in Elysium consider that Norbert should stay here in the bin."

"I can't do that. He's not dangerous; he's here as a voluntary patient."

"Like hell he is." said the solar sarcastically, "Come on, doc, I'm a supra-genius – don't waste my time. He's here as a voluntary patient because you've told him that it's either that or a sectioning job under the Mental Health Act. Like most people, Norbert doesn't know the legal limits on your powers and you certainly don't tell him. So he can be a 'voluntary patient' for some time .... I mean, we don't want him to suffer. Lay off the electro-convulsive stuff and the drugs and the psychosurgery - although I gather that the lobotomies aren't so easy for you to get away with these days." The solar broke off to inhale from a tastefully gold-banded menthol cigarette it had lit. In desperation, Feizenbaum tried to change the subject.

"You shouldn't do that. Think of the health risks!"

The solar looked contemptuously back at him.

"Don't be dumb. What's that to me when I've got a *wish* every day? Smoking's one of the fringe benefits of being on this miserable plane. That and the sex, drugs and rock and roll. Definite deficiencies of that sort of thing in Elysium."

"But .... aren't you Lawful Good? Isn't that out of line?"

"Not at all. Fertility deity, very into intoxications and passions and all that sort of business; by the way, do you mind if I date your nurse tonight? I could only get tickets for Dire Straits, but it's better than nothing and these Prime Material girls really go for a guy with a 24 Charisma. Oh, and it's Neutral Good actually. You didn't read carefully enough. Well, I'm glad you'll be keeping Norbert here. I must be off now."

"What am I going to do when the devil turns up? He's going to incinerate me. There's no saving throw. He'll kill me."

"No he won't."

"Yes he will."

"Oh no he *won't*."

"Oh yes he *will*."

"Look, doc, this is *not* a Punch and Judy show. Baazerath had a minor accident on the way home last night and he won't be leaving his home plane for 666 years. You'll be quite safe. But if you really feel it will make you better, I will cast a wish to protect you. But I was rather hoping to keep that for your nurse ...."

"You foul chauvinist! How can it be right to coerce someone with such magic?"

"Well actually there won't be any coercion. I have the psionic ability of precognition, so I know that. Don't lecture me on ethics. Feizenbaum. Oh, and don't drink so much either. That's a health risk too and *you* don't have wishes. Bye now."

The freckle-faced girl smiled back at the handsome young man as he weaved his way to their table with two colourful cocktails in his hands. They sipped them appreciatively as they relaxed in the soft leather chairs.

"I didn't enjoy presenting myself as a Pit Fiend first time round, I must say. Still, all's well that ends well. Feizenbaum won't be any worry now."

"*Feizenbaum?* But - Norbert Parkinson ....?" The girl looked very surprised.

"Oh, Norbert was just the instigating problem. Feizenbaum might have taken him into psychotherapy and after a while Norbert's stories just might have altered Feizenbaum's thinking. *Feizenbaum* was the Reality Mutant; *he* was the danger. Although he has not yet taken up role-playing games, it has crossed his mind to do so. But now, while he currently believes that devils and angels are real, he is so utterly confused that he will be incapable of effecting any major Reality Shift by constructing that dangerous reality-altering game he had inside his mind in latent form. And after a while he will come to believe that it was all just an hallucination; idiots always do." He sipped at the potent cocktail again, relishing the mixed flavours of the 13 alcoholic ingredients. "I must get the recipe for this to take home."

"Are you sure about this?"

"Oh yes. I didn't explain in detail the key fact - that gating into this plane would be a *lot* easier, so far as this world goes, if that Reality Shift we were worried about took place, and he never asked. He may have inferred it, but I don't think so. But keep an eye on him. Can you arrange to get Parkinson transferred to another ward?"

"No problem - I can get him transferred to another hospital next week."

"Fine. Feizenbaum's going to spend the rest of this week in an alcoholic stupor so that deals with everything perfectly."

"So can we go and see Dire Straits now?"

"If we must. You owe me a tenner for the ticket." The girl protested. "Come on, these are the liberated eighties. I'm a bit short until Friday. Anyway, look," continued the solar, checking his digital wristwatch, "the concert starts at 9 but Dire Straits won't be on until 10 - 10.12, to be precise. Chelsea kick off at 7.30 and I'd rather like to see Jesper Olsen's goals for United for real - you never do get the fine-grain detail with precognitions. And Colin Gibson's second-half volley is a *beauty*. I can teleport us to the Albert Hall in time to see Dire Straits. The support band are awful anyway."

"It's a deal if you treat me to the concert". The redhead looked big-eyed and persuasive.

"Oh, alright, let's go. Doesn't look like Jah Immanuel's going to turn up wi' me spliffs." The solar got up disconsolately, and walked off into the night with the 16th level cleric on his arm.

"So I was right to Gate you?"

"Oh, sure, the problem needed looking at. Anyway, visiting the Prime Material has its good points", the solar said, cuddling her close.

"Beast. But what about poor Norbert?" He's quite cute and completely harmless."

"Oh, no problem. He'll be released in 14 days; no harm done. Actually his hospital experiences will have shocked him so much that he'll give up role-playing games for good. He'll end up as a chartered accountant."

"Poor little sod."

The solar and the cleric meandered off towards Stamford Bridge, secure in the knowledge that the vast majority of humanity remained totally ignorant of extraplanar reality. After a night on the town it left only one final trival mission, at the BBC Light Entertainments section ....

This story contains numerous Very Long Words and a helpful glossary is provided.

Consensually Perceived Reality: What gets published in the tabloids.
Dire Straits: A rock band liked by people taking major tranquilizers (qv).
Drugs, Brain-damaging: See major tranquilizers (qv).
Electro-convulsive stuff: The technique of passing electrical currrent through the brain in the hope of putting it right when it isn't working properly (well, more or less). Cf the time-honoured practice of kicking the television when it doesn't work.
Epistemology: (1) Theories of knowledge acquisition. (2) The study of people affected by polish raw spirit (qv).
Hallucination: A veridical perception other people are too stupid, stubborn or unobservant to notice.
Liquid cosh: See major tranquilizers (qv).
Major tranquilizers: Chemicals of the phenothiazine class (but also newer substituted benzamides, thioxanthenes, etc). Used in the 'treatment' of persons with Serious Problems usually involving hallucinations (qv) and failure to observe Consensually Perceived Reality (qv).
Meso-cortico-limbic circuits: Interesting and complicated bits of the brain which connect the frontal bits to the bits in the middle, usually linked with emotion, perception, cognition and other Impressive Terms ending in 'ion'.
Pharmacological arsenal: (1) See drugs, brain-damaging (qv). (2) What you get if you introduce Jah Immanuel (see text) to Charlie Nicholas and his mates.
Polish raw spirit: See drugs, brain-damaging(qv).
Prime material girl: Madonna in the best of health.
Psychosurgery: Lopping bits off the brain in the hope that this will put it right when it isn't working properly (cf electro-convulsive stuff (qv).
Psychotherapy: The practice of extracting large sums of money from people in return for mystifying conversation. Pioneered by the famous Viennese Sigmund MacLaren, known for his summary formula 'Pounds from Platitudes'.

Ashes to Ashes

by Graeme Drysdale

- a closer look at resurrection in AD&D

Raising or resurrecting from the dead is perhaps one of the cleric's strangest abilities. By calling on the power of their god, clerics are able to restore life and complete strength to a being which may have been killed 200 years previously. Similarly, with the use of a **reincarnation** spell, magic-users and druids are able to transfer the soul or spirit of a person into a magically acquired body, which may be anything from a badger to a troll. Due to the potency and complication of these spells, they are frequently misused and misunderstood. This article will attempt to explain the fundamentals of raising more clearly.

To understand completely the principles of raising, one must first understand what happens to the life force of a being after it has been killed. This is described in detail in the AD&D *Legends and Lore* volume, so I shall explain it only briefly here.

It is assumed that there are two sorts of life force, the soul and the spirit. Dwarves, half-elves, halflings, humans and gnomes have souls; elves, half-orcs and all monsters have spirits. After death, the soul or spirit travels to one of the outer planes, the actual location depending on the character's mortal alignment, taking 3-30 days to travel through the Astral Plane to its destination. When the outer planes have been reached, the soul begins an eternal existence while the spirit only temporarily resides there, to be reincarnated into another form in years to come. Hence, as spirits may only be reincarnated, elves, for example, cannot be raised or resurrected.

There are three spells which may be cast to restore mortal life to a character. However, raising is never quite so simple as this. As high level spells, such as **resurrection**, are granted at the direct behest of the cleric's god, the restrictions deities impose on their servants when casting such spells are likely to be very severe. Clerics are only likely to cast these spells on characters of comparable alignment and religion, or else incur the wrath of their god. How can any cleric justify casting **resurrection** on a buddy who has never had anything decent to say of the deity involved? Thus, when a character goes in search of a raise spell of any sort, the GM must exercise maximum precautions. Purchasing this sort of spell from a cleric will cost the earth, even from those of similar religion and alignment. In my campaigns, I have found the following formula useful in deducing the spell cost, although prices are bound to vary for other campaigns:
100 x level of cleric casting spell x (level of spell)^{2}gp
Thus a 16th level cleric casting **resurrection** would charge the characters 100 x 16 x 7^2 = 78,400gp, provided alignment and religion were similar. Resurrection is only for wealthy, high-level characters.

Clerics of different religion or alignment, will either refuse outright to cast the spell, or charge around ten times the price stated above. The GM must not allow raise spells to grow on trees, otherwise players will begin to treat death merely as a trivial pause on the way to .... what?

Types of raising
1) **Reincarnation**
Reincarnation spells are available to druids and magic-users of 12th level or greater. They differ slightly, with magic-users being only able to reincarnate into human, demi-human or humanoid forms, while druids can reincarnate people into animal forms as well. The amount of information the person recalls in his new form depends on the amount of time he has been dead and the new form acquired. Only those reincarnated into human or demi-human forms will remember any of their past life, and this knowledge will decrease by 15% each day they have been dead. So, a character who has been dead for the maximum time (7 days) will have no memory of his former life, while one who has been dead for 2 days and recalls 70% of his life before, may remember the class/race he was, but perhaps not all the languages he spoke fluently or some of the companions he had known. Characters should be reduced a level or two due to memory loss, and spell casters will certainly have forgotten all the spells they had memorised until they have time to relearn them.

It is quite probable that a character may be reincarnated into a race which does not officially allow progression in the class the character followed in former life. In such a case (and assuming the character has been dead for only a day or two), it seems unrealistic for the character to suddenly forget his past profession. If his memory recalls some percentage of his past life, he should be able to continue operating in his former class with little restriction. The exception is the paladin, who immediately becomes a normal fighter, loosing all the benefits of the paladin class.

Multi-classed characters reincarnated into other demi-human forms retain their former classes as explained above. However, if they are reincarnated into human form, the human then becomes a character with two classes (*PH* page 33). If they have lost more than 50% of their memory, the GM can opt to allow the character to continue in one class at no penalty, but retain no knowledge of the other, or drop a few levels in each class, whichever is more realistic. Triple classed characters should definitely lose one class totally. It should also be noted that reincarnated humans with two classes are restricted in advancement to the maximum level of their former race.

GMs should be careful not to reincarnate characters into creatures which are of a diametrically opposed alignment. I suggest that the general ethos (ie good, evil or neutral) remain unchanged. This prevents our lawful good paladin from becoming a grisly troll!

2) **Raise Dead**
The **raise dead** spell is only available to clerics of High Priest status. It is the most frequently used raising spell if only because in most campaigns it is the easiest and cheapest to obtain, although this should not be the case. On the other hand it is somewhat limited in application, and can be permanently fatal in extreme cases. Of all the raising spells, it is the most misused.

A **raise dead** will only raise dwarves, gnomes, half-elves, halflings and humans. It will not be effective on elves or half-orcs. Basically, the spell retrieves the character's soul as it floats though the Astral Plane on its way to eternal afterlife on one of the outer planes. As mentioned previously, the journey takes 3-30 days, which the GM should determine upon the character's death. This is the maximum time limit for a dead character to be successfully raised. Once the journey is completed, only resurrection, reincarnation or a **wish** will bring the character back to life.

Characters must make a resurrection survival throw to be successfully raised, failure resulting in the character being completely and utterly lost forever. Characters may never be raised more times than their initial constitution score, and each subsequent raise will reduce their constitution permanently by one point. Furthermore, raised characters will be weak and helpless for a time equal to the period of their death. After the required number of days has passed, the character is assumed to be on 1 hit point, and may then be healed to maximum strength naturally or magically. The minimum amount of time all characters must rest for after being raised is one day, even if killed only a few hours previously.

3) **Resurrection**
The 7th level clerical spell **resurrection** is the most potent of all the spells of this sort. Only those above 15th level are able to cast such spells, and even those characters must have an 18 or greater wisdom. While the spell is only rarely used, it is frequently misunderstood by both players and GMs alike. After all, the explanation in the *Player's Handbook* is rather vague.

Perhaps the strangest thing about this spell is that it can restore characters to full strength merely from their bones, which may be greater than 200 years old. What puzzles me about this is that after 200 years surely some of the bones would have decayed or gone astray; would these missing bones also be recreated by the spell? At first I took this to be so, but then I came across some ludicrous matters. Consider: if a character chopped off the little finger of his left hand, he could then

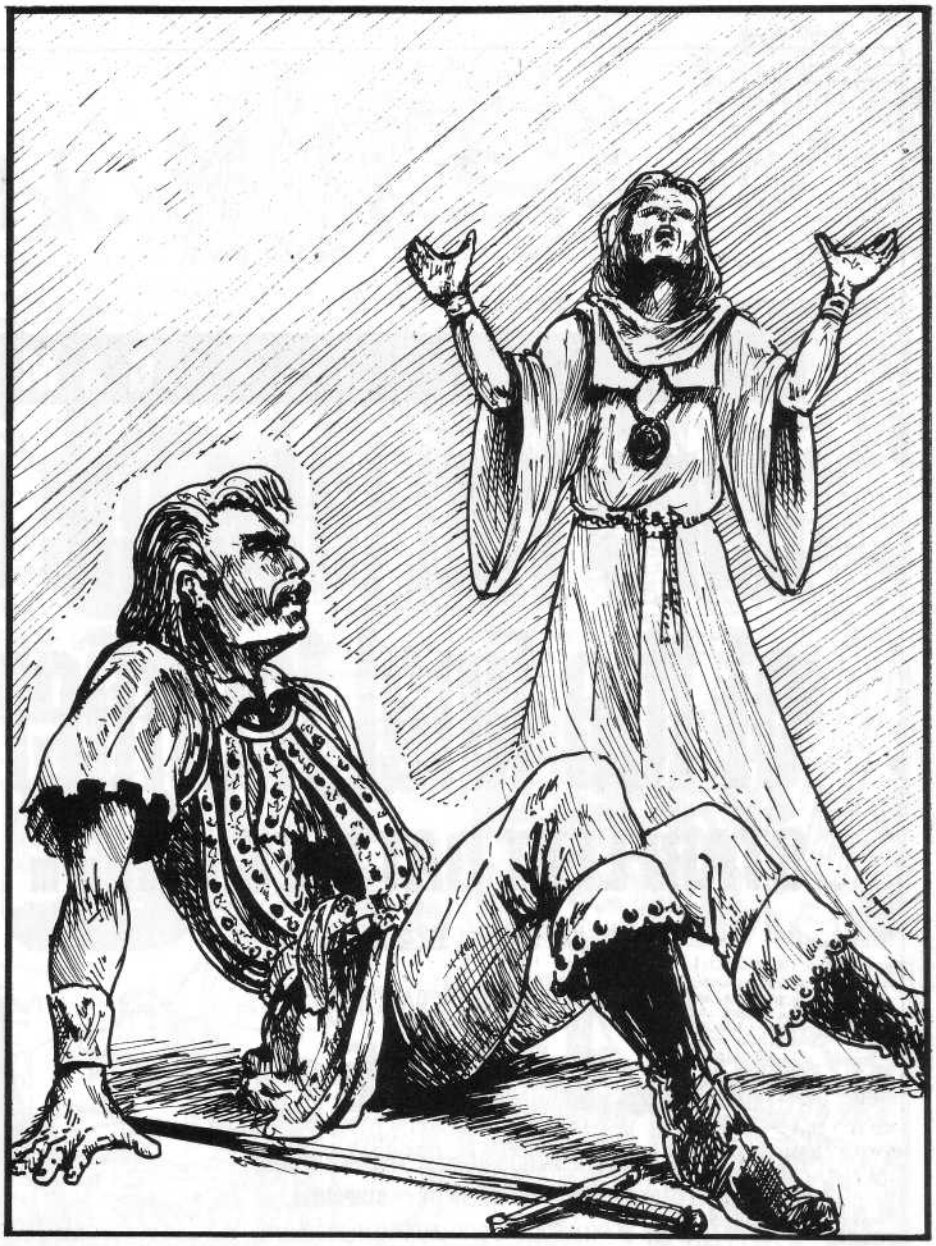
pass this bone onto family or friends in order that he might be resurrected from it should he perish on an adventure, even if his body was totally destroyed. With this in mind, one of my players made a practice (and a rather repulsive one at that) of assassinating high level NPCs, retrieving a finger from the corpse, and selling it to any rich family or friends should they care to resurrect him. Needless to say, the character in question made numerous enemies this way, but it did seem to me that the matter was getting a little out of hand. It was at this time I decided it required a little more working.

First, resurrected characters will come back to life with all the body members they had at the time of death, regardless of the state of each corpse. Thus, in the example above, all that would be resurrected from a finger would be a living finger, the rest of the body having to be regrown via **regeneration**. Alas, of course, regeneration only regrows body members, and hence the body would be sans torso and head – two arms and two legs will be pretty useless to any but the excessively perverse!. Theoretically, therefore, one would need the skull and torso bones to sell to people in order to have a successful enterprise. This is pretty tough, especially if a character gets beheaded (and the quest for the missing head becomes paramount) but then that's death for you!

As an alternative, because **resurrection** recalls only the character's soul, a character may be resurrected into a different body. This body must be totally whole, as the spell will not restore missing limbs or flesh as it would where the person was to be resurrected into his own body. Good characters must exercise maximum caution in acquiring this new body; for neutral or evil characters I suggest you seek out the strongest, best-looking person you can find, then poison them. A **neutralise poison** spell should be cast on the body before another soul is resurrected into it.

The GM must be very careful in handling the situation of a character being resurrected into a different body. Good clerics would probably refuse outright to cast the spell. They would be very anxious as to how and why this new body had come to die, and why they should resurrect a totally alien soul into it. Remember also that 7th level spells are obtained directly from the cleric's god, and even if the cleric is fooled, the god would be very unwilling to allow such a spell to be used for this cause, especially if the character concerned had been of different alignment and/or religion during previous lives. If both the clerics and his deity agree to cast the resurrection, the god will probably demand repayment in the form of a **quest** and should inflict a change of alignment to convert the raised character to the god's own religion. The GM should not allow players to obtain such a spell easily; it should cost them all their magic and money in purchasing it.

The soul of the person to be raised should be resurrected into the new body as soon as possible. In this case the bodies' real soul will still be on its way to one of the outer planes, and will not interfere with the resurrection spell. If the soul reaches one of the outer planes before a resurrection is attempted, the final resurrection will call back that soul, and not the one desired.



Due to the complexity of this version of the spell, there is a chance that the cleric will fail in his task. The base percentage chance of failure is 10% for a 16th level cleric, reduced by 1% for each level above 16th. Thus, only a cleric greater than 25th level has no chance of failure. Scrolls can be considered to be cast at 17th level in this case.

The resultant resurrected character will retain alignment (except in the case already mentioned), but all other characteristics will depend on the new body. The character will remember his former life, but may take several months to adjust to the new body (especially if some player has given him one of the opposite sex!). Within one week the character must make a resurrection survival roll or go insane (roll randomly on the insanity table, page 83 *DMG*).

Failure Table - if failure is indicated, roll a d100

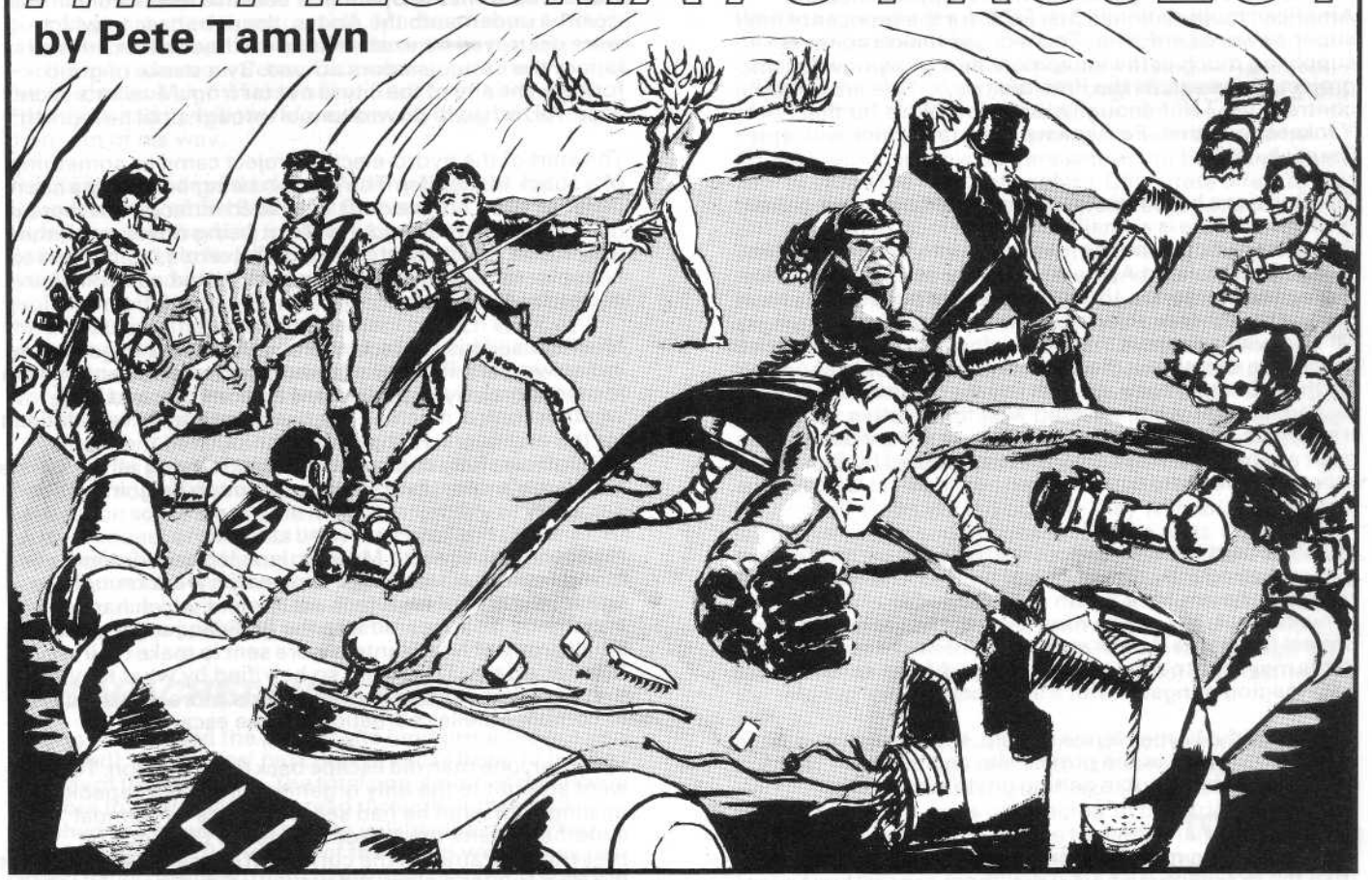
Die Roll	Result
01-50%	The soul of the bodies' previous owner is resurrected rather than the one desired.
51-70%	The soul of a completely different person is resurrected instead of the one desired. This person will have come from the same plane and be of the same alignment as the character who was supposed to have been raised.
71-90%	The soul of a completely different person is resurrected rather than the one desired. This person may be of any alignment and may have come from any plane.
91-00%	The corpse rapidly ages 100 years and is destroyed. The soul of the person is completely immune to further attempts to resurrect it. Simultaneously, a number of monsters from the Astral Plane encounter table (*DMG* page 181) are gated in.

Remember that if a monster is gated in, the clerics will be totally unable to cast any further spells, unless the resurrection was read from a scroll.

gobbledigook.
ADVENTURERS
GOOK
DRAGON
A Goblin's lot is not a happy one ...Gook is chased by a party of blood-hungry angry Adventurers!
He spots a crevice and...
WRIGGLE
WRIGGLE
DIVE
SCHTUM! ZE DAMT TUNNEL'S TOO ZMALL... KAN'T GET IN!
PHEW! YOK YOK
The crevice descends ..... with Gook!
RRRUMBL!
WOOOOUR!
KRUMP!
A perfect nose-dive into.....
WOW! TREJHA!
WO HO HAR HAR! MUPEE!
But in the next cavern, something is woken....
WOOP WOOP
MFH!?
..and interupts Gook!
COOERP!?
JERK!
GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON WHY I SHOULD NOT JUST CHOMP YOU NOW GOBLIN!
OH!
HA..ERM... HOWZ ABOWT DAT DEN?
NOT GOOD ENOUGH!
EEEEEEEEEEEEEK
HRMPH?
I'VE GOT A MUCH BETTER ONE!
I..I..I CAN GET YOU SUMMAT MUCH MUCH BETTER TO EAT THAN A STRINGY OLD GOBLIN A..A.. DWARF A HOBBIT AND VERY TASTY... WHAT'S YOUR APPETITE?
PROOP!
VERY WELL... BRING ME THIS FEAST... AND I WON'T FRY YOU!
UH.. YEAH.. RIGHT!
Gook scarpers!
YUK YUK... FAT CHANCE!
But around the bend...
IT'S ZAT GOBLIN!.. GETTIM!
UH-OH!
THAT WAS QUICK!
THERE THERE THERE THE
A short and one-sided fight ensues and...
SNARL!
RIP!
SHREK!
...ends predictably!
UR.. DID YOU LIKE THAT?
MMM MMM
AND NOW FOR SSSSECONDS!
BU.. BU.. BUT YOU SAID YOU WOULDN'T FRY ME!
up the crevice goes Gook....
BUT BUT BUT!
SCRABBLE SCRABBLE
..helped from behind!
OOSH!
YAROOOK!
I LIED!
B&L

THE PILCOMAYO PROJECT

by Pete Tamlyn



A GOLDEN HEROES ADVENTURE

WHY BOLIVIA?

This scenario takes place in Bolivia. This is because it grew out of incidents in my own Golden Heroes campaign which left the players owing the Bolivian Government a considerable favour. When you come to run it you will not have the same lead in and you will need to devise some excuse to get your players to the right place at the right time.

There are all sorts of incidents that can be cooked up to fit the bill. Perhaps a fight with a super-villain could take place outside the Bolivian Embassy in London which causes such damage to the building that the Bolivian government gets very upset; Blacksun would be a good villain to use here as he tends to wreck things pretty effectively. The government could then justifably ask for a favour in recompense. Alternatively you could have the players chase a fugitive villain to Bolivia and have the government ask them for help while they are there.

SOME BACKGROUND

A good group of players will probably want to acquire some information on Bolivia before they set off. In addition, if they have government backing, the Foreign Office will probably want to brief them to make sure they don't cause any international incidents. Whatever the source, the heroes should be able to acquire the following information at least.

Bolivia is one of the poorer countries in South America. It sits on the eastern side of the Andes and the terrain is split between high, bare mountains and steamy Amazonian jungle. The majority of the population is clustered around Lake Titicaca on the Peruvian border, particularly in the large city of La Paz. This area is also dotted with Inca ruins. The government is fairly moderate, and Britain and the USA would be happy to see it remain that way.

Although officially Spanish-speaking and Roman Catholic, Bolivia has one of the highest percentages of native Indian population in South America. The two principal races are the Quechua and the Aymara; both have their own language, customs and religions although, like most pagans, they are happy to worship any gods who might be helpful and thus have adopted Catholicism alongside their native beliefs.

Despite the mix of cultures, there is a little racial discrimination as we know it. Quechua and Aymara do not intermarry and 'Indians' as a whole are very much the lower classes, though not exclusively so. The term 'indio' is applied to anyone who lives like an Indian, ie is poor. Simply by getting richer a pure-blooded Indian can become accepted as 'mestizo' (mixed-race) or even 'blanco' (white).

Sexual discrimination is another matter entirely. The philosophy of Machismo is deeply ingrained in all South American countries, and any female heroes in your group can expect to have a difficult time. The Bolivians will automatically assume the men are in charge and the women do as they are told.

INTRODUCTION

Assuming they arrive in Bolivia quite openly, the heroes will be asked to meet with Manuel Calvero, the President. He has a small problem which he hopes they may be able to help with. One of the country's prestige engineering projects is the construction of a hydro-electric power station on the Pilcomayo river which flows southeast from the Andes, later forming the border between Paraguay and Argentina. The plant is designed to supply electricity to Sucre, the capital, and the nearby town of Potsoi. But this development has been beset with problems: equipment has broken down, Indian workers have been frightened away by 'evil spirits' and – worst of all – the weather has been unusually bad in the area ever since the project started. Prayers to the Virgin Mary having gone unheeded so far, the Bolivians have turned to more earthly sources of aid.

President Calvero explains that before contacting the heroes the Bolivian government first approached the American multi-national, StarTech, for the services of their super-powered enforcer, Technon, as the company is supplying much of the equipment and know-how for the project. However, as the President says, "We are small contract, yes? Not enough money in Bolivia for the Yankees to bother. Perhaps we have more luck with you Breetish, no?"

The Bolivians have little idea what could be causing their problems. There is a small Indian tribe local to the area, the Apacheta, who are not as integrated into Bolivian society as the Quechua and Aymara, and may be responsible for the 'evil spirit' stories, though they could not possibly have caused the other problems unless they practice real magic. The Bolivians suspect that ultra-left or ultra-right terrorists seeking to overthrow the government may be responsible for the sabotage, but even with this theory they can offer no explanation for what is wrong with the weather. Not being a scientific man, Calvero may offer some very odd ideas, such as changes in the environment caused by Star Wars research. These are complete red herrings – at least for this adventure.

The President is a typical Bolivian 'blanco', comfortably rich and arrogantly dismissive of Indians and women. However, he is – for a South American – fairly democratic in his outlook. His main worry over the hydro-electric project is that the delays and resultant increased foreign debts may lead to a military coup. Play him as something of an engaging gangster with a soft spot for 'his' people.

Assuming the heroes agree to help, the President will provide transport to the project site and tell them to call him if they have trouble getting anything done.

THE PLOT

The truth of the matter is somewhat more complicated than the Bolivians suspect. True, there are right-wing activists employed on the project who are sabotaging it in the hope of bringing down President Calvero. True, the Apacheta Indians are unhappy about the project and would like it stopped. However, both of these factions are being manipulated by a much more powerful and sinister force: The Reichsmaster.

Wolfgang Mueller was only 14 when WWII started. Even at that time, however, he was recognised as a genius. He was accepted into Berlin University in 1941, completed a degree in Mathematics and Electronics in two years and by the end of the war was one of Germany's leading weapons researchers. He was also fanatically devoted to Hitler.

In 1945 Mueller, along with a number of prominent Nazi leaders, fled to South America to escape the allied forces. Unable to acquire complicated scientific equipment because of the risk of discovery, Mueller threw himself into theoretical work, principally on cybernetics and robotics. As time passed he also began to brood about the failure of the Third Reich. He felt deeply guilty about having escaped while his beloved Fuhrer stayed behind to die, but came to rationalise his decision by blaming his fellow exiles, who he imagined had betrayed Hitler. Slowly but surely, Mueller began to revenge himself on the 'betrayers', Borman, Mengele and others, by stealthy murder or by revealing their whereabouts to the Israelis, acquiring their wealth for himself into the bargain.

With the passage of time Mueller built up enough wealth and underworld contacts to obtain scientific equipment and build himself a base. This he did deep in the wilds of Bolivia, and he set to work in earnest to turn his designs for robots and cybernetic equipment into reality.

By the time of this scenario Mueller's technical arsenal is formidable in capability but small in size. He has just enough money to build prototypes and a small force of robot guards, but not enough to embark on his most grandiose plans – to use a robot army to re-establish the Third Reich! However, he discovered from the Apacheta Indians that the legendary city of El Dorado really existed, and he diverted his efforts to seize its treasure. El Dorado was saved from the Spaniards because it was built in vast caverns underneath the Andes, the entrances to which were destroyed by a calamitous earthquake decades before the Conquistadors arrived. By a stroke of good fortune, the site of the city is not far from Mueller's secret base. All he had to do was tunnel through until he found it.

The start of the hydro-electric project came as something of a shock to Mueller. The plant is being built only a short distance from his previously isolated hideout and there is no way he can move now without being observed. Either the project had to be stopped, or Calvero's regime had to be replaced by a military junta backed and controlled, in secret, by Mueller.

Mueller used his contacts with the Apacheta to get at the Indian workers. Right-wing saboteurs have been planted in the workforce by organisations he controls, and his weather control machine has been making life very difficult for the engineers. He has also manipulated the media through carefully controlled leaks into laying all the blame at Calvero's door. Everything appears to be going smoothly.

However, unknown to Mueller, Israeli Nazi Hunters have found his trail at last. Diligent research work brought to light quantities of high-tech equipment which had apparently disappeared into the Bolivian jungles, and a small group of Nazi Hunters were sent to make their way to Mueller's base. They were so horrified by what they saw that they fled, hoping to bring back a more powerful team to combat Mueller's creations. None escaped.

However, one man did escape back to civilisation. There he went straight to the only organisation he felt capable of dealing with what he had seen, America's foremost superhero team, the National Defence League. The presence of Patriot in the current NDL line-up ensured that the Nazi Hunter's pleas did not fall on deaf ears. In secret, so as not to alert their quarry, the team set off from their New York headquarters for Bolivia. As chance would have it they will arrive at just about the same time as a certain other super-hero team ....

THE PILCOMAYO PLANT

Doubtless the first thing the players will want to do is to get to the project site and see what they can discover. There they will be met by three men, all of whom Calvero claims to have the utmost confidence in.

Francisco Perez is the senior Bolivian engineer at the site and as such is in charge of operations. He is a very worried man. To start with, he knows that if the project fails his head will be the first to roll. He also knows that right-wing activists are involved in the sabotage, since they are trying to recruit him to their cause; having so far failed to appeal to his political prejudices, they are now threatening to kill his family unless he cooperates.

Perez has no idea which way to turn and, for want of anything else to do, has taken to blaming the Apacheta for everything. He will try to convince the heroes the Indians have magical powers and will dismiss any other theories out of hand. Anyone with telepathic powers and a smattering of Spanish will find it easy to get the true story as Perez worries about it incessantly. However, he is so terrified that he won't cooperate with the heroes even if they tell him what they have found out.

Jorge Luis Ordonez is an army Colonel loyal to President Calvero, and has been sent to the project with a contingent of troops to catch the saboteurs. Ordonez knows there are factions in the Army plotting to overthrow the President (though he knows nothing of Mueller's role) and he suspects they may be responsible for the delays to the project. Unfortunately, his work has been hampered both by the fact that some of his own have been subverted (something he dare not let become known) and by Perez's insistence that the Apacheta are the culprits.

Short of putting the entire project under martial law and running it himself, there is not much he can do save stand guard against attack from outside. Much as he would like to take over, he knows that he can't do without the engineers – so he has to humour Perez. Ordonez regards the arrival of the heroes as a sign of loss of confidence in him by the President, and he will therefore do everything he can to get them out of his way.

The final member of the trio is Manny Faltz, the field representative of the StarTech Corporation. Faltz is very experienced at working in South America, speaking Spanish and Quechua fluently. He regards the whole affair with a detached calm; having completed four previous projects in other South American countries, he has come to the conclusion that the management of such work will always be incompetent and corrupt and that the workers will always be lazy. He agrees the Bolivians are by far the worst he has come across in this line, but says they are by no means exceptional.

Faltz blames most of the trouble on a combination of the President's unrealistic expectation that the project will be finished on schedule, on the mental instability of Perez, and on the frequent arguments between Perez and Ordonez. He says that sabotage of equipment is a common trick of South American workers wanting a few days off, and has no previous experience of the Bolivian climate with which to compare the appalling weather.

THE APACHETA VILLAGES

Having investigaed the project site (and probably got very frustrated), the heroes' next port of call is likely to be the villages of the Apacheta. The total population of the tribe is no more than about 300, spread through eight small, remshackle villages. The heroes will be directed to the village of Yuraq – the largest of the group where they can expect to find the head man of the tribe, Ch'ojna. Yuraq is a short way upstream from the Indian village marked on the map.

The Apacheta have a language of their own, but in order to be able to communicate with outsiders, many of them have learnt Quechua. Ch'ojna knows a few words of Spanish as well but, of course, none of them speak English.

If the heroes ask for an interpreter at the project site, Perez will refuse point blank – he says the Indians should just be shot and that would be an end to the problem; Ordonez will also refuse because he believes the Indians are no problem while his men are successfully keeping them out – therefore the heroes don't need to talk to them; Faltz will not come himself but will point out a Quechua workman, Qaipa, who he says speaks passable English.

Qaipa is a little frightened of the Apacheta, but will be even more in awe of the heroes. He will be prepared to go to the village as long as at least one hero is with him, but will be terrified of being left alone outside the safety of the site. His English is just good enough to get by on – though if any of the players use any long words while speaking to him, he will just shrug his shoulders and stare quizically at him.

Ch'ojna, the Apacheta headman, will agree to speak to the heroes and they will be taken to his hut in the centre of the village. Although he knows his tribe is being paid by the Reichsmaster to wreck the Pilcomayo project, he is well practiced at the art of playing the worried primitive. He will spin the heroes a long story about how his people have lived in fear, first of the Incas, then of the Conquistadors, now of the Bolivians; but have always managed to save themselves by hiding in romote parts of the country. Now men have come with big metal demons to dig holes in the mountains. There are many men and Ch'ojna and his people are frightened.

To a certain extent what he says is true and telepaths will not be able to tell he is lying because, of course, he thinks in Apacheta. Telempathy will, however, detect his suspicion, hostility and fear of the heroes.

A MEETING IN THE MIST

While the heroes are talking to Ch'ojna, they will suddenly be joined by Chucurata, the village wiseman. He and Ch'ojna will spend a short time conversing in Apacheta, after which they will explain – through Qaipa – that a group of white men "like you" have returned to the neighbourhood. Ch'ojna explains these men are cruel fighters with demonic powers whom the Bolivians have sent to attack the Apacheta before. Chucurata offers to lead the heroes to where these men were last spotted.

What has actually happened is that the NDL has arrived in the area. Stealth is not one of the American team's normal tactics, whereas the Apacheta live by it. As a consequence, the Americans have been spotted. Knowing the British heroes are in the neighbourhood, Chucurata, who is is pretty wily bird, came up with the idea of getting the two groups to fight each other. He sent a messenger to Mueller asking for a thick mist from the weather controller and set about bringing the two teams together; like his chief, Chucurata is a willing servant of the Reichsmaster.

When the heroes are led outside they will doubtless be surprised by the sudden descent of the mist. Qaipa explains – in halting English to prevent the Indian wiseman from overhearing – that such freakish weather is common in these parts, though he has never encountered it before elsewhere in the country. He blames the weather problems on evil demons summoned up by Chucurata though any psychic probing will reveal a certain quiet satisfaction in the mind of the wiseman.

In fact, although Chucurata is not directly responsible for the mist, he is a magician and has been using his Hallucinations spell to frighten Indian workers. For the moment, though, he is pretending to be a frightened native. As he guides the heroes towards their confrontation with the NDL, he talks non-stop about how cruel these foreigners are, and how they have been killing and enslaving the Apacheta. He is very eloquent, and Qaipa doesn't know who to be more scared of, the supposed wizard or the foreign devils.

The NDL meanwhile are lost in the mist, moving very cautiously. Kemmer, the Nazi Hunter who is with them, has warned them that Mueller has some bizzare machinery and they suspect a trick. However, if the heroes made a public announcement of their trip to Bolivia, the NDL will be aware, albeit at the back of their minds, that British super-heroes are in the country.

Chucurata will try his best to provoke a fight before the two sides have a chance to talk to each other. Whether or not you, the Supervisor, decide to try to encourage a fight is up to you. Don't worry if your players are not very trigger happy, they will get to fight the NDL eventually.

As soon as it looks as if the two teams might make friends, Chucurata will make off into the mist. If necessary, he will use an illusion of himself to confuse the heroes as to where he has gone.

The teams should eventually work out who they are fighting and call a halt, although the players may have problems if their team is in trouble with the law. If the heroes have already played *Queen Victoria & the Holy Grail*, they may have already met members of the NDL and be known to them. Once a truce is called, the two sides will doubtless explain to each other what they are up to. The

KEMMER'S TALE

The Nazi Hunter will begin by relating how he and his colleagues, searching for clues to the whereabouts of Mueller – a man high on their list of wanted war criminals – discovered the sale of large amounts of equipment to various ficticious organisations in Bolivia and traced delivery of the orders to the region where the Pilcomayo plant is being built. These orders date back well before the start of the hydro-electric project.

Investigating the area, the Israelis discovered the well-used entrance to a hillside cave. Exploring inside, they came across a large tunnel filled with advanced machinery. It was immediately obvious to them that Mueller, if that was indeed the man whose trail they had found, had been putting his electronic skills to good use and that the sales they had traced were merely the tip of the iceberg.

Kemmer then relates how he and his companions fled in terror, were ambushed by the Apacheta, and how only he managed to escape the massacre. As luck would have it, one of the thick mists descended just in time to save him (this is true, the Reichsmaster did not know that the Indians were hunting snoopers at the time. The heroes may be suspicious of Kemmer's seeming good fortune).

Because Kemmer's party left the area in something of a hurry, he is not very sure exactly where the cave is. The NDL were in the process of searching for it when the mist came down. If the heroes are convinced by this tale, Stretcho will suggest that the two teams search independantly. He reasons that either team on its own should be able to deal with Mueller, making a combination of forces wasteful, but that any smaller division of strength is likely to be dangerous. He will want to exchange communications equipment, but will warn the heroes to maintain radio silence until the last moment, as Mueller will undoubtedly have surveillance equipment.

The heroes will have a problem deciding what to do with Qaipa. The most sensible thing to do would be to send him back to the project site with Kemmer. If they are merely left here in the open, Qaipa and Kemmer will be spotted by the Apacheta and killed, and if they accompany the teams they will be in the way and very likely to get killed in the fighting. What happens to them will have an impact on the heroes' campaign ratings, so it is to be hoped they have the sense to see them safely back to the project site.

THE REICHSMASTER'S LAIR

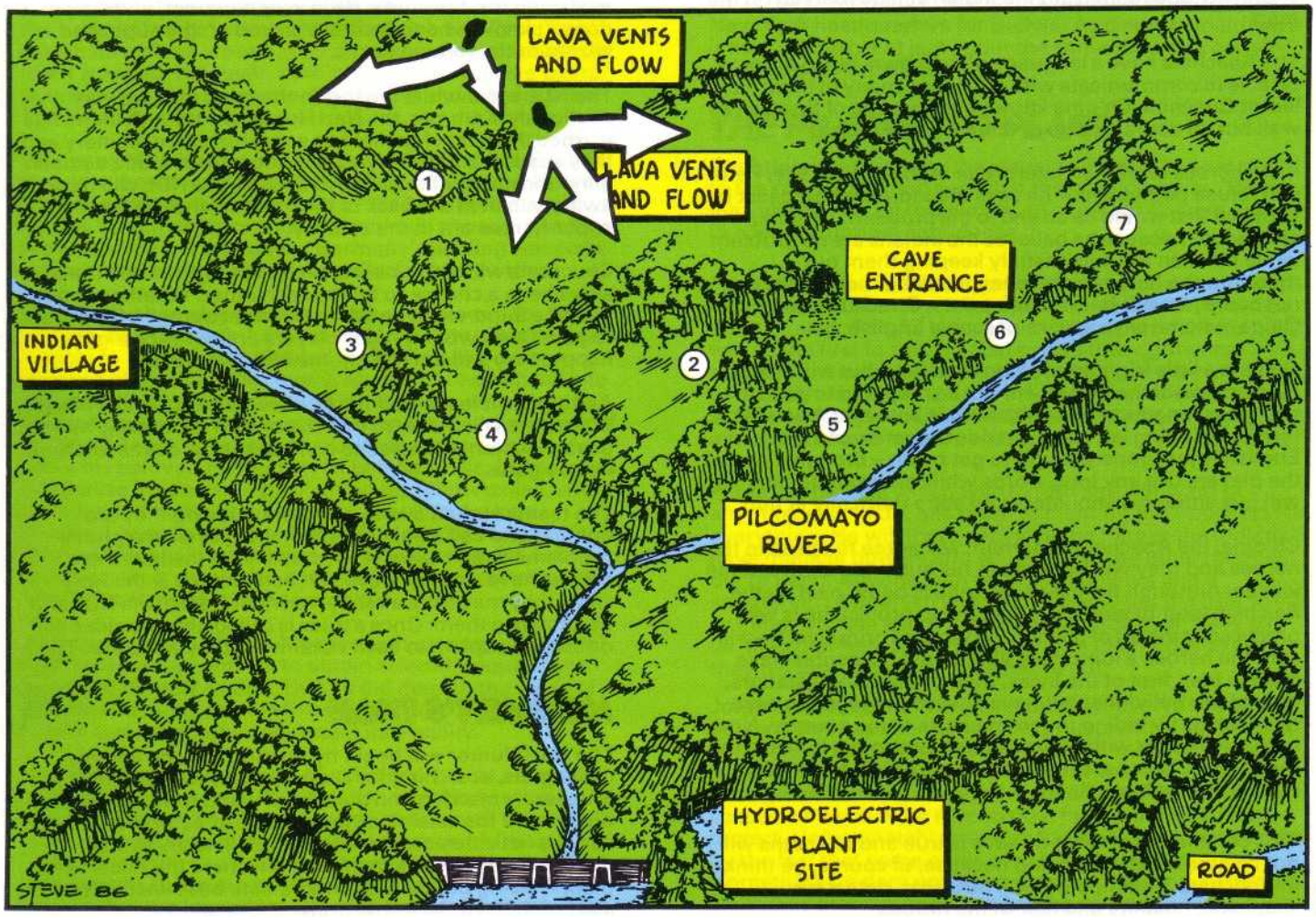
The heroes will not find the cave entrance; that honour will go to the NDL. However, they will come across what appears to be an artificial ventilation shaft. Provided that none of the team are permanently giant-sized, they should be able to squeeze down.

What they see when they arrive at the bottom will make it plain that, if anything, Kemmer's story was understated. The heroes land in the middle of the most futuristic factory complex they have ever seen (unless they have been space or time travelling). Looking around they will find that a large part of the factory is, in fact, a power station tapping geothermal energy. An assembly line is in the process of being built and another is already in existence but idle. The whole thing is fully automated.

When the heroes enter the central square the quiet him of the factory is broken by a strident voice. It is a recording which the Reichsmaster made in case of discovery. For him it is quite a short rant. He simply explains that he, as a genius, is the ultimate expression of the Master Race and that he will single-handedly restore Germany to its former glory, conquer the world, and maybe the universe as well. When he finishes, the loudspeakers begin to play a rather tinny, electronic version of the 'Ode to Joy' from Beethoven's 9th Symphony. As they do so, a number of doors in the factory slide smoothly open and disgorge the Reichsmaster's robot stormtroopers. 12 robots appear from each of the doors marked as robot exits on the cavern map. Every one of them is identical, a spitting image of Adolf Hitler.

A CHAT WITH A GHOST

When the fight is over and the annoying music has finally been silenced, the heroes may be surprised to find that



they are being watched by a ghost. In fact, it is Mr Magic's Astral Form.

The American sorcerer relates that he and his colleagues found the cave entrance, followed the tunnel, and came face to face with a giant hypnosis device, to which all of the team succumbed except him. By taking on his Astral form he was able to fool the Reichsmaster's robots into thinking he was unconscious. It is a big gamble because his body is now defenceless and he wants to get back to it quickly. However, he is able to direct the heroes to where his colleagues are being held and warns them that the rest of the NDL are likely to be totally under the Reichsmaster's

BATTLE ROYAL

In fact, the hypnotised Americans are already on the way to intercept the heroes and will meet them in the open area by the cavern exits. The chances are that the NDL will be tougher than the players. However, Mr Magic will do his best to assist the players. His physical body is chained up in a cell, but he can cast 2-dice energy strikes while in astral form. In addition, as each team member is freed from hypnosis (by means of counter hypnosis or a hit of 20HTC or more), they will join the heroes in trying to free their colleagues after taking a round to re-orientate themselves. The fight, although somewhat ferocious, should therefore go the players' way.

Once all of the NDL have been restored to their senses (or knocked out of them), they will be able to guide the heroes to where the Reichsmaster can be found.

THE CITY OF GOLD

Mueller is, of course, busy with his current obsession, the tunnel to El Dorado. When the heroes finally catch up with him, he will be standing on the far side of the chasm from them (see cavern map). Between them and him are his 12 elite robot SS troopers and his force wall. The first thing the Reichsmaster will do is destroy the bridge.

The SS robots should not prove too much of a problem for the combined super hero teams. What they will do is delay the heroes just long enough for the Reichsmaster to set his laser drilling equipment up for one final blast. As the heroes get ready to rush him he presses the button.

The laser drill, now operating at maximum power, lets forth a blaze of red light and the rock wall behind the Reichsmaster disintegrates. As the dust settles the heroes will get a glimpse of an enormous cavern, dwarfing the one in which the factory has been built. In the far distance is a faint glimmer of golden spires.

But a glimpse is all the heroes will have time for – suddenly there is a terrible rumbling from beneath the ground. The maximum power blast of the laser has caused a deep fracture in the rock which has opened up a magma-filled cavern deep below the earth. The ground shakes, steam rushes up out of the chasm, and the air temperature rises dramatically. There is nothing to do but run for it! As the heroes make their escape they will hear lava gushing up behind them. There is a single, terrible scream, and then nothing but the roar of molten rock.

The area map shows the point at which the lava will emerge. The heroes' priority is to prevent the flow from reaching the construction site and the Apacheta villages, but if they save the Reichsmaster's factory and the geothermal power station it will be a marvellous present for President Calvero.

Mr Magic's Precision power will be invaluable here as he will be able to pin-point exactly where rock needs to be blasted to dam and divert the flow. The general areas are fairly obvious and are marked on the map. The accompanying table shows the HTK value required to blast each point successfully and the number of rounds following the eruption that the heroes have to complete their work before the lava arrives. Use of Precision to direct fire will reduce the requirement by 10 HTK per point. The damage divider of the rock is 3 for normal attacks and therefore 1 for energy attacks. The defence class of the rock is 12.

Areas 1 to 7 are on the exterior map. Areas X and Y are tunnels in the cavern which must be dammed to save the geothermal plant.

Lava Damming Table

Area	HTK/3 to Dam	Rounds after eruption before lava past gap
1	20	5
2	20	5
3	40	7
4	50	9
5	50	10
6	30	13
7	30	12
X	30	7
Y	30	8

You may need to rebalance the table somewhat if your players are short on flight and energy blast powers. The heroes should have an excellent chance of succeeding provided they act sensibly, quickly and heroically.

AFTERMATH

The testimony of the heroes, together with that of the world famous National Defence League, will be quite good enough to convince the Bolivians that their problem has been solved. Perez will still be terrified, but the saboteurs will quickly melt away now that their leader is dead. Ordonez will try hard to be grateful and fail miserably. Faltz will busy himself congratulating the NDL and telling the world how lucky it is to have true blue American heroes to protect it. President Calvero will be delighted.

There is little evidence to prove the involvement of the Apacheta in the Reichsmaster's plans and they will have the good sense to stick firmly to their ignorant savage act and behave themselves until the storm blows over.

What finally remains of the Reichsmaster's factory depends on whether the heroes managed to divert the lava from it. Points x and y (on the underground map) must have been successfully blasted in time to achieve this. In any case, the heroes will doubtless wish to inspect the wreckage. The tunnel to El Dorado will be completely blocked. It will probably take years to dig through again and in any case this will risk further eruptions.

Redskin will start kicking over the rubble, muttering about the waste of scientific resources in such a poor country and the loss of such an interesting piece of Indian heritage. Suddenly he stops, bends down and removes something from the wreckage. It is a piece of packing case, heavily charred but somehow surviving. Etched on it is the unmistakable logo of the StarTech Corporation ....

The scenario has a Practice Rating of 7. The players' public ratings will not be significantly affected as they are away from home and the world's press will give most of the credit to the NDL, but personal ratings may be severely affected if Qaipa and Kemmer are killed or if the lava destroys the plant or native village.

FUTURE ISSUES

Was it really El Dorado the heroes saw in the underground cavern? Is it now lost forever, buried under tons of lava?

Did the Reichsmaster perish in the eruption or did the cunning Nazi manage to find an escape route?

Were StarTech really supplying Reichsmaster with advanced electronic equipment for his robots? Did they

know who he was and what he was doing? If they did, does Brian Garson/Technon know about it, or is some rival faction on the Corporation's board responsible?

All of these questions, and doubtless a few more as well, remain to be answered in future adventures.

THE NATIONAL DEFENCE LEAGUE

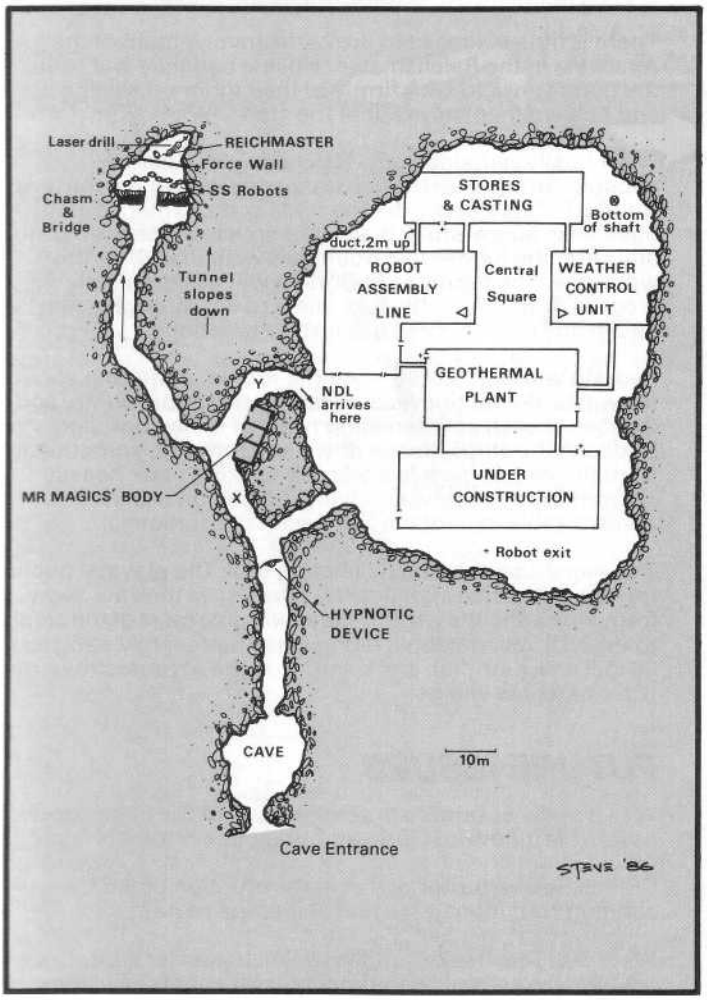
The National Defence League is the USA's official, government-backed super hero team. Their HQ is in Washington but for various reasons they often find themselves operating out of auxiliary bases in New York and Los Angeles. The heroes listed below are those on the current active register though many other American heroes have worked with the team at various times during its history. They are financed by the American government, although some members, including Stretcho and Firebird, contribute to running costs.

THE PATRIOT

Patriot is the reincarnated spirit of Paul Revere, a hero of the American Revolution. He has appeared many times throughout the history of the country, always turning up when great danger threatened. Thus he fought alongside American forces in both World Wars, though whatever power causes him to take flesh did not feel the war in Vietnam warranted his appearance. Patriot returned to life most recently in 1984 and immediately sought out the NDL, of which he was already an honorary member.

In private life Patriot takes on the role of Kirk Jackson, a fashion photographer. The American government has supplied him with appropriate papers detailing Jackson's life so he has few problems explaining his lack of visibility prior to 1984. However, he is having problems adapting to modern American society and thus prefers to remain in his super hero guise most of the time.

Patriot has no obvious super powers and fights with his trusty rapier. His immortality is restricted by the fact that he can only be reborn when America needs him. To date he has always been killed in action just when the danger seemed to be over. The only other unusual power he has is the ability to call upon the ghosts of three famous ex-Presidents, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln, for advice. However, the ghosts are having even more trouble understanding the modern world than Patriot, who fears they are becoming senile.



The American government is understandably very disturbed at Patriot's sudden reappearance as there is, as yet, no sign of any great danger to the country. Various theories have been put forward by the Pentagon and CIA but the only real result has been to make everyone in the White House very jittery whenever a crisis looks like blowing up.

The Patriot

alias Kirk Jackson

EGO	7	Movement	6m
STR	8	Damage	-
DEX	16	Dodge	+1
VIG	11(21)	Strike	+1
HTK	79	Defence Class	6
HTC	85		

Powers: Vigour; Agility; Weapon Skill (fencing) 2; Weapon Skill (knife parry); Sidekick (ghosts)
Advantageous Background: Immortal
Fist/foot WC 2; 1d6-6 HTK / 2d6 HTC; -2
Leap into Combat WC 2; 1d6 HTK / 2d6+6 HTC; +2 (needs 1 frame recovery)
Rapier WC 4; 2d6 HTK / 1d6 HTC
Knife WC 2; 2d6 HTK / 1d6 HTC; WC 4 parrying

STRETCHO

Lee Stanton is the owner and chief scientist of America's largest bubble-gum company. He has used his vast knowledge of molecular elasticity to experiment on human flesh and, as a result, is now able to deform his body in an incredible variety of ways. A useful by-product of his experiments has been acquiring the ability to climb walls by turning his rubbery fingers into suction pads.

Stretcho is undoubtably the brains of the NDL. His scientific background causes him to be very cautious, unwilling to act until he has fully analysed the situation. This often brings him into conflict with his more hot-headed team-mates, particularly Redskin and Powerchord.

Stretcho

alias Lee Stanton

EGO	11	Movement	4(6)m
STR	6(8)	Damage	-
DEX	8	Dodge	-
VIG	11(14)	Strike	-
HTK	46(54)	Defence Class	5
HTC	41(50)		

Powers: Stretch 2; Grow; Shrink; Wallcrawling
Advantageous Backgrounds: Brilliant Scientist (Chemicals); Rich Industrialist
Fist/foot WC 2; 1d6-6 HTK / 2d6 HTC; -2
Grow to Combat WC 2; 1d6 HTK / 2d6+6 HTC; +4 (needs 1 frame recovery)

MR MAGIC

Dick Stevens is a genuine stage magician as adept at slight of hand and illusion as he is at real magic. When he first began his career he was as cynical as most other westerners about 'real' magic. Then he met and teamed up with an older conjurer, Bernard Kranksy. Bernard had served in the Far East during WWII and claimed to have learnt his magical skills from Tibetan monks. He always maintained, even to his friends, that real magic did exist, and that some of his stage tricks used such sorcery.

Young Dick never believed this tale and kept pestering his partner to reveal the secrets of his special tricks, and, feeling he was being fobbed off with ridiculous excuses, determined to spy on the older man as he practised. One day he concealed himself in Kransky's dressing room and watched the older magician running through his act. To Dick's horror, Kransky summoned a real demon and began to converse with it in some arcane language. Unable to contain his curiousity, Dick burst out of hiding, but this distracted Kransky from his spell and the demon promptly grabbed the sorcerer and disappeared.

Dick immediately gave up his stage career and headed east in the hope of learning enough real sorcery to rescue or avenge his friend. When he returned America acquired a new super hero.

Mr Magic has a special gimmick which allows him to make his astral form visible. Ordinary people normally mistake him for a ghost.

Mr Magic
alias Dick Stevens

EGO	15	Movement	6m
STR	5	Damage	-1
DEX	15	Dodge	-
VIG	12	Strike	-
HTK	44	Defence Class	6
HTC	42		

Powers: Magic 2 (22 magic points); Astral Projection (speciality), Energy Strike, Conjuring, Information; Conscious Probability manipulation; Precision; Skills - Disguise
Energy Strike WC 3; 1d/2mp; unaffected by dividers
Fist/foot WC 2; 1d6-6 HTK / 2d6 HTC; -2

REDSKIN

Joe Washington is a pure-blood Sioux Indian. His powers are all simple extensions of his physical abilities and result from his eating herbal mixtures prepared for him by an ancient shaman. The shaman had intended Joe to be a champion of the Indian cause, taking revenge upon the white man and driving him from the land. However his pupil, who had grown up in white society, realised that this was a foolish dream and now spends his time fighting for justice and freedom as much as for Indian rights.

Redskin and Powerchord are frequently at loggerheads over racial issues as the former feels that his black colleague has too simplistic a view of the problem and ignores the fact that blacks are comparatively well-off compared to other racial minorities. Joe is also frequently in trouble with his colleagues and the government over his outspoken comments to the press.

In his secret identity Joe works as a 'hard hat' on construction sites.

Redskin
alias Joe Washington

EGO	8	Movement	8m
STR	16(31)	Damage	+16
DEX	12	Dodge	+1
VIG	17	Strike	-
HTK	69	Defence Class	6
HTC	64		

Powers: Strength; Pugilism 2; Weapon Skill (tomahawk); Leaping; Health - fast recovery
Fist/foot WC 3; 1d6-6 HTK / 2d6 HTC; +16
Tomahawk Strike WC 4; 1d6-6 HTK / 2d6 HTC; +16
Throw WC 2; 2d6+3 HTK / 1d6 HTC; +16
Leap into Combat WC 3; 1d6 HTK / 2d6+6 HTC; +16, +2 (needs 1 frame recovery)

FIREBIRD

Claire Montague is an expatriot English actress who is now a major soap opera star. Her impressive flame control powers are mutant in origin and this has recently caused her severe problems as various religious groups in America have mounted a strong anti-mutant crusade.

Claire was recently captured and tortured by Azrael, a religious fanatic villain. Although she managed to keep details of her secret identity from him, her mind has been damaged by the experience and, as Firebird, she often falls under the delusion that her secret identity is really that of her most famous screen role, the rich and arrogant Princess
Christina of Miklenburg. As the NDL all know each others' secret identities, this has sometimes lead to her unfortunate team-mates having to bow down and call her Your Royal Highness in the middle of a fight.

Firebird uses her flame manifestations gimmick to fashion a bird-like mask. She also swathes her fist in flame when punching which gives her extra damage bonuses.

Firebird
alias Claire Montague

EGO	6	Movement	6(15)m
STR	9	Damage	-
DEX	11	Dodge	-
VIG	16	Strike	-
HTK	52	Defence Class	5
HTC	53		

Powers: Energy Attack 3 (fire); Manifestiations Gimmick; Energy Immunity (fire); Flight; General Force Wall (flame); Intuition
Advantageous Background: Rich Entertainer
Energy Blast WC 3; 19d6/5 rounds
Fist/foot WC 2; 1d6-6 HTK / 2d6 HTC; +4 (flame glove)
Dive to Combat WC 2; 1d6 HTK / 2d6+6 HTC; +4, +5 (needs 1 frame recovery)

POWERCHORD

The man who is now Powerchord was once a world-famous rock guitarist. At the height of his fame he was approached by a black scientist and offered a special guitar which, under his expert fingers, could produce amazing effects. Seizing the opportunity, he faked his own death and became Powerchord, a black rights campaigner.

Powerchord's career as a civil rights activist was fairly long and colourful. In those days he frequently came into conflict with the authorities and charges are still outstanding agains him in certain southern states. The 1 million dollar reward that the Ku-Klux Klan put on his head is also still on offer.

Since that time, however, the position of blacks in American society has improved greatly and Powerchord has come to realise that the colour of a man's heart is more important than the colour of his skin. The final straw came when his scientist benefactor was killed by black mobsters who wanted the secrets of the guitar to further their criminal careers. Powerchord has been officially pardoned by the President but in certain quarters resentment of him is still high.

Without his guitar Powerchord is an ordinary human, though he has done a lot of training to improve his physical condition. Because of this he prefers to live as a super hero all of the time, and firmly denies all suggestions of a link with his rock star past.

Powerchord

EGO	12	Movement	6m
STR	17	Damage	+2
DEX	9	Dodge	-
VIG	10	Strike	-
HTK	37	Defence Class	5
HTC	35		

Powers: Energy Attack 4 (sonic); Area Effect Gimmick; Quick Blast; Personal Force Shield (23 HTK) - all power from guitar only
Advantageous Background: Rich Entertainer
Previous Training (2 to Vigour)
Previous Training (2 to Strength)
Energy Blast WC 3; 23d6/5 rounds
Fist/foot WC 2; 1d6-6 HTK / 2d6 HTC; +2

A Judge Dredd adventure for a small team of Judges

Players' Briefing

It's Shift 2 briefing, 10.15 hours, at Sector House 142. Today Judge Rippon is briefing officer, dispensing comments on the news and reports as they flash across the screen with her usual lack of humour. You hope nothing happens that will cause you to laugh, or - worse! - that you don't start yawning as the briefing rolls on ....

++ Item 32 ++

RIOT CONTROL
The Sector 145 South silly walkathon began this morning. No trouble is anticipated, but perps may take advantage of the crowds.

(Rippon:) "We're on alert to provide back-up if things get out of hand, and you'll receive squad assignments with your patrol orders. Review crowd control procedures during your rest breaks, if there's time".

++ Item 33 ++

THEFT
Synthi-Synth™ Laboratories report a burglary and theft of computer slugs and files, probably industrial espionage.

(Rippon:) "Synthi-Synth™ are a major defence contractor and the city's largest plastics manufacturer. There'll be more on this when we know what's been stolen".

++ Item 34 ++

SPONTS
The iso-cubes are running close to capacity in most sectors, so try to avoid arresting sponts unnecessarily.

(Rippon:) "That means don't book them on nuisance charges unless there's really no alternative."

++ Item 35 ++

INFORMATION
Rick Macey was released from the cubes yesterday afternoon, and disappeared within a few hours. He was suspected of acting as a hit man for one of the body sharking gangs, but was actually arrested for overdue library slugs. Report any sightings.

(Rippon:) "Macey was based in this sector, and it's possible he's holed up somewhere in the area. He's clever and dangerous. He isn't wanted for anything yet, but it's probably just a matter of time."

++ Item 36 ++

WEATHER [RESTRICTED INFORMATION]
Rain this morning will contain trank additive J-17. It will fall from 11.30 to 12.00, so all Judges should take a neutraliser tablet at 11.15 hours. Requests for weather should be sent to the Weather Congress via MAC, not to sector houses.

(Rippon:) "Let's try to avoid sloppy procedure on this; I don't want to spend another morning sorting through a pile of complaints from Weather Control! And don't forget the pills."

++ Item 37 ++

EXPENSES
The financial quarter ends tomorrow, and all outstanding expense claims should be submitted to Accounts Division, in triplicate on form B-3Y-7/3EX, accompanied by receipts.

(Rippon:) "I want claims in by 23.00 hours; we've applied to have the rec room redecorated, and we wouldn't want Acc-Div to turn down the estimates because they were mad at us, would we? OK, that's the last item, so collect your assignments and get out on patrol."

Was Rippon looking at you just then? Maybe you didn't put in all your receipts, by Grud! Rippon assigns you to a patrol route through the sector. At 13.00 hours you are to call in at the Tresco Megamart and

other shops in the shopping centre of Clark Savage Block, to conduct an anti-shoplifting crime blitz and check antique dealers and jewellers for stolen goods. Later you should visit Ronnie Rambo Block to make a crime prevention inspection of the new block Cit-Def armoury, and then return to the Sector House at 16.30 hours. As you leave, Rippon adds that in the "unlikely" event that you are needed for riot control, you should abort your patrols and join squad "FOX", one of eight units from the sector.

Game Master's Information

Every month a group of the Mega-City's most influential criminals meet to discuss their plans. The composition of this group varies as members are arrested or killed, but usually several notorious perps attend, and try to prepare the perfect crime.

Four days ago an industrial spy told the group about Spungg®, a new plastic from the recreation division of Synthi-Synth™ the manufacturers of Boing®. Spungg® is a food additive which converts fat deposits into a resilient substance resembling Boing® and Synthi-Synth™ are developing it as a luxury item, to be sold to fatties as a new answer to their mobility problems. However, the criminal "masterminds" gathered at the meeting were quick to see other advantages to the material; a sufficiently fat criminal would be almost bulletproof, since shells would bounce out of the resilient flab, and the perp could bounce over, or through, obstacles. Last night a crack burglary team, acting on the group's instructions, broke into the Synthi-Synth™ laboratories, stealing dozens of files to cover their interest in Spungg®. By 08.00 hours criminal scientists had manufactured enough Spungg® to feed a dozen men.

Now all that remains is for Spungg® to be tested. At 13.30 hours the Gutz gang, a former tag eating team who have been devouring great quantities of Spungg®, will rob a bank and try out the new material. The bank they have chosen is in the block plaza adjoining the Tresco Megamart in Sector 142. Rick Macey has arranged for other equipment, and will cover the Gutz brothers with a laser rifle. His instructions from the perp masterminds are to help the brothers escape, or kill them if they are captured, since they cannot be trusted to remain silent.

As an annoying complication, the local branch of Sponts Anonymous happens to be holding a meeting in a social club near the bank, and the Judges' attempts to deal with the raid on the Fifteenth National Bank will be hampered by false confessions and demands for arrest.

Phase 1: 10.30 - 13.00 hours

There are two incidents during this phase of the patrol, one leading to the main adventure. Referees may wish to add other reports and events where they are relevant to a campaign, but this isn't essential.

> 10.32 hours: As you patrol through Elm Street, a city bottom shopping zone, you hear the ring of a burglar alarm ahead.

See Figure 1 for street diagram. A perp has smashed her car across the pavement and into the front window of the local branch of Forbidden Kneepad, and two jimps are pretending to deal with the incident while helping themselves to the most expensive gem-encrusted pads. The jimps don't expect real Judges to arrive so quickly, but are on the alert. Once the Judges arrive they will say they can handle the incident, and if the Judges insist on staying the jimps will try to bluff their way out by pretending they are arresting the driver.

> A blue roadster has spun off the road and crashed into the window of a branch of Forbidden Kneepad. Two Judges are on the scene, one checking the shop damage while the other checks the driver. She seems shaken and has a nosebleed.

The car is a General Mechanics Siesta roadster of standard design (see GM's Book p111). The driver carefully spun it off the road so that the rear bumper smashed into the shop window and the car was left positioned for a quick getaway. On a Street Skill roll Judges will notice that the car isn't damaged; the rear bumper was reinforced for ramming (without affecting its armour). Also, the car is stolen. If the Judges check and discover this, or if they appear to be suspicious, the jimps will immediately "arrest" the driver, saying they hadn't been able to check because their helmet radios weren't getting through to the Sector House.

Perp 1: Gladys "Wheels" Lambretta (Driver)

S	I	CS	DS	TS	SS	MS	PS
1	19	15	78	17	37	25	4

Abilities: Control Skid, Control Spin, Drive Fast.
Gladys is an attractive blonde. She has blood (actually a theatrical dye) on her face and blouse, and pretends to be in shock. There is a fully-loaded stump gun in an opaque plastic purse in her shoulder bag. She is unarmoured

Both jimps wear good replicas of Judges' uniforms, giving the same armour protection as the real thing. The badge and eagle are made of lightweight metalised plasteen, not the metal of real insignia, but which look authentic. Communications and other secondary equipment are dummies. Their Lawgivers are replicas, disguised spit pistols with normal characteristics. Both are marked "Dredd", and a sharp-eyed Judge may notice this.

Perp 2: Harry "the Actor" Wujcik (Jimp)

S	I	CS	DS	TS	SS	MS	PS
2	17	18	12	31	46	14	9

Ability: Acting (new SS ability - Acting gives a 10% bonus on attempts at disguise (normally requires an SS roll), and reduces the chance of successful lie detection (eg, by Birdie or by a Judge) by 5%. May be taken twice. Available to Judges, especially those assigned to the Wally Squad.)
Harry is a tall Negro with a good physique, and looks very much like a real Judge. His badge is marked "Hansen". He has been pretending to deal with Gladys, but has still managed to pocket gems worth 2105 Creds. He will probably be the spokesman for the two jimps.

Perp 3: Nola Cunningham (Jimp)

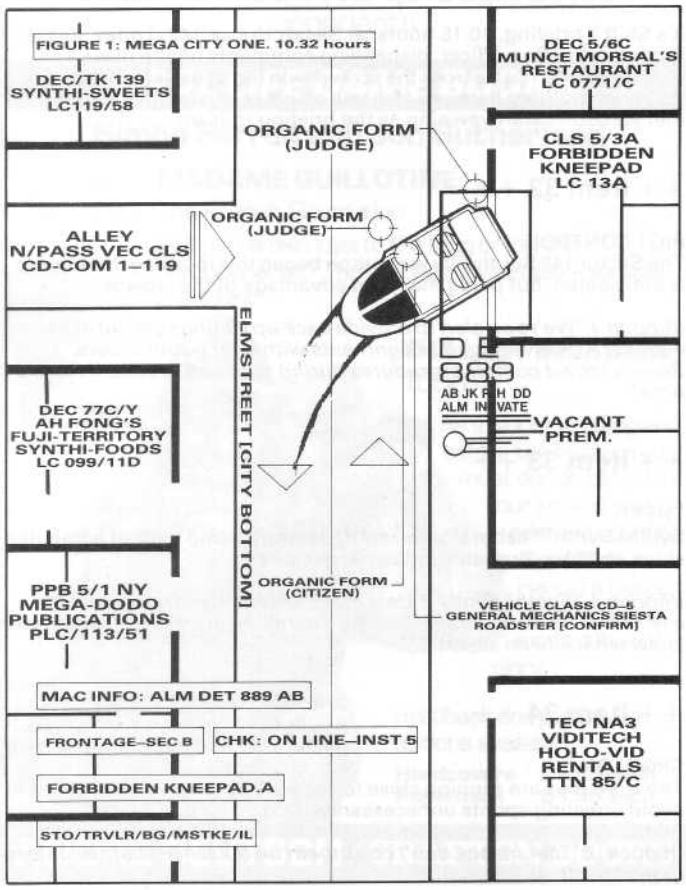
S	I	CS	DS	TS	SS	MS	PS
2	21	23	10	19	22	12	000

Nola is a brunette – slightly short for a Judge, though just within the minimum height required by regulations. Her badge says "Barlow". She has pocketed jewelled knee-pad trimmings worth 18,500 Creds, while pretending to examine the damage and keep curious citizens away from the window.

A particular flaw in the jimps' disguise is their lack of bikes. If questioned, they will say they were on foot when the crash occurred, investigating work permits in the nearby street market, and that their Lawmasters are parked in a side street. They will also ask the Judges to call in a report on the incident, since their helmet transmitters aren't getting through to the Sector House. If such searching questions are asked that they need to offer these explanations, the jimps will assume that the Judges suspect that they are fakes and will leap into the roadster to escape at the first opportunity.

If the Judges don't realise they are dealing with jimps, it's possible Harry might "accidentally" drop some gems to give the game away; the GM must decide if he makes any mistake, or if the Judges only learn of their error when the SJS pay a 'friendly' visit to find out why they let three perps escape!

If the Jimps are caught, they will reveal the name of the perp who sold them their highly illegal uniforms and guns; Vernon "The expeditor"



Bradlaw, a criminal based in Sector 248 North. The Judges should radio in and have MAC assign another team to pick him up, since it would take two days to reach him by road, or four hours by H-wagon.

Two messages arrive shortly after this incident:

11.02 Hours ++ THEFT REPORT UPDATE

The Synthi-Synth™ burglars broke into the leisure products division laboratory, which doesn't handle restricted information. Items stolen apparently include the formulae for Boing® and other products – including some which haven't been perfected or patented yet, computer data slugs, and chemical samples.

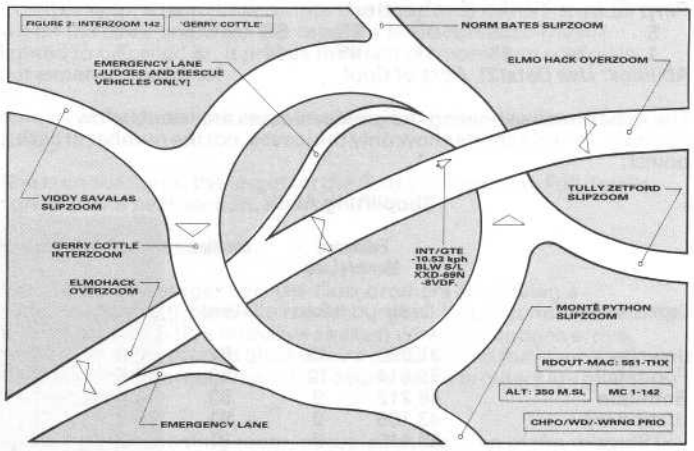
11.12 Hours ++ RIOT CONTROL

Judges assigned to Riot Control Squads "ABLE", "BAKER", and "CHARLEY" should report to the Sector House for transport to Sector 145. H-Wagons and Pat-Wagons supporting these squads should follow assigned routes. All other units should note there may be delays on backup calls.

The team are in Squad "FOX" and should continue their patrol. Don't remind the Judges that they are supposed to take their pills at 11.15; anyone who forgets loses 1D6 Initiative on exposure to the rain at 11.30, and for the following hour. Use of a respirator won't help – the drug is absorbed through the skin – and may attract some attention. The pill starts to work exactly 15 minutes after it is taken; if it is taken late, Initiative is regained 15 minutes later. The pill effect wears off after exactly an hour. It starts to rain at 11.30, and the next encounter takes place in a light shower which puts a 5% penalty on all DS rolls.

> 11.37 hours: As you circle around the Gerry Cottle Interzoom, you notice the traffic is bunched up behind a green Leymak Placebo, registration XXD-69N-8VDF, that is driving east (upwards) on the Elmo Hack Overzoom, and is at least 10kph below the legal limit.

See Figure 2 for road layout. The car is driven by Sven Azimov, a futsie on his way to kill his mother-in-law, cousin, aunt, grandmother, and anyone else who get in his way. He is driving slowly because he intends to kill them with home-made bombs, which are in a synthi-card box on the rear seat. There are ten bombs, already armed, and they will explode if dropped, violently shaken or shot, or if the car crashes. Azimov is otherwise unarmed. If the Judges try to stop him, he will pretend to surrender, then try to run their bikes down, or he will throw them a bomb to play with and accelerate away.



Perp 4: Sven Azimov (Futsie and Slowster)

S	I	CS	DS	TS	SS	MS	PS
3	17	11	10	54	14	2	4

Ability: Fit Component (used to build bombs)

There are ten bombs, equivalent to standard hand bombs except that they are already fused and explode on impact.

The overzoom continues east, with junctions every 4 or 5 kilometres. If the Judges call for back-up, more Judges will join the road ahead of the car approximately 20 kilometres further on. By this time Azimov will have thrown out 2 or 3 bombs.

This encounter continues until Azimov crashes (BOOMM!!!!), is somehow forced to stop, or escapes. Be creative; a road duel and explosions in the middle of a crowded overzoom are bound to cause a few incidents.

Azimov has left his wife tied up in a cupboard at his apartment, with a time bomb on a nearby workbench. If the Judges report the incident promptly, and can give his name or car registration, MAC will direct them to apt 58 on the 187th floor of the nearby Lenny Henry Block (use the Boris Becker Block plans from the GM's Book), and tell them his wife hasn't arrived at work (she is a waitress at a munce-burger parlour). The apartment is cluttered with work benches and a weird assortment of tools and parts; Azimov is a frustrated inventor who has never been able to sell any of his "brilliant" designs (for example, several complex and totally unworkable perpetual motion machines). The bomb is in plain view, but is surrounded by 6 other machines that also look odd or lethal. Judges examining these strange devices must make a Tech Skill roll before finding the right one. There is a 10% bonus on all skill rolls to disarm it, since Azimov isn't trained in demolition work and hasn't incorporated any booby traps. It will explode twelve turns after the Judges arrive, if it isn't disarmed. Treat the explosion as if it were a fire bomb (GM's Book, p113). Azimov's wife has fallen asleep in the cupboard, and won't do anything to attract the Judges unless they make enough noise to wake her. She doesn't know anything about her husband's inventions, and can't help with the bomb.

Jill Azimov (Munce-Burger Waitress)

S	I	CS	DS	TS	SS	MS	PS
1	13	7	5	10	21	12	8

Jill is spectacularly beautiful. She is also a registered trank user, and if Azimov is killed and the Judges don't arrange for a social worker or neighbours to look after her, they will later hear that she has committed suicide.

If Azimov escaped, other units will pick him up when he tries to kill his mother-in-law; however, he will kill approximately 40 innocent bystanders before he is caught. If the bomb in his apartment isn't defused, and Judges aren't around to deal with the aftermath, it will start a fire that kills 238 citizens.

If the Judges caught the jimps and questioned them, the following message will be received at 12.15 hours (or at a moment when the Judges are on their bikes and not in hot pursuit).

++ 12.15 HOURS ++ITEM ++ ARREST REPORT

Sector 248 North report the arrest of Vernon Bradlaw, contact of jimps arrested this morning. Bradlaw visited this sector yesterday and claims to have sold Stumm gas grenades, gas masks, and electro-prods to Rick Macey. See today's crime report item 35.

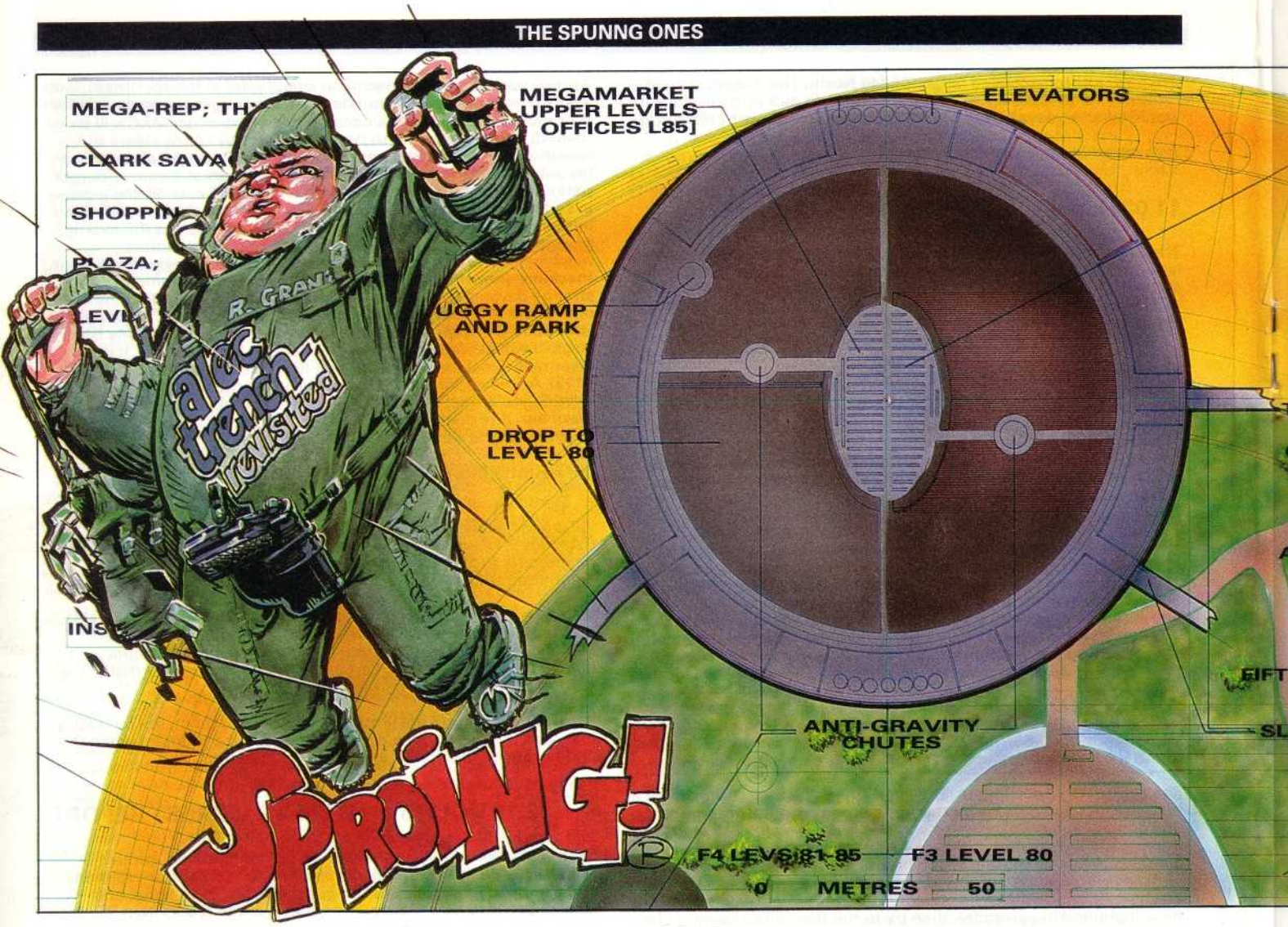
Phase 2: 12.30 - 13.30 hours

> At 13.00 hours you approach Clark Savage Block, a post-war design with twin towers over a circular base. The shopping centre occupies levels 80-85 of the base structure. You've been told the Tresco Megamart has reported 9% losses from shoplifting, double those of similar stores elsewhere, and your main priority is a random crime check of customers and staff. There are also several antique dealers and jewellers in the precinct, and you are to check for stolen items and leave lists of missing valuables with them.

As the Judges enter the block, a robot porter directs them to the basement car park. If the Judges seem to want to stay on their bikes, the droid will tell them that (a) this would break building safety codes, (b) their exhaust fumes would set off the fire alarms and sprinkler systems, (c) "it's more then my job's worth". Since building safety codes are part of The Law, and since the bikes really would trigger the fire alarms, it's assumed the Judges will comply.

Figures 3 and 4 show the main areas of the shopping plaza. The main transport systems within the building are two large anti-grav chutes (one for each tower), local elevators and stairs, and block buggies. The lower levels (up to 79) contain block environmental systems, three schools, and business offices. Levels 80 to 85 are a shopping precinct, serving other blocks as well as Clark Savage. Levels 86-110 contain two block parks, a sports complex, a theatre, and other community facilities. From level 110 upwards the block is divided into two residential towers, linked by bridges at every tenth level, where there are additional shops and recreational facilities. A skyrail terminal is on the south-east tower, a hoverport on the north-west.

The shopping plaza is a six-level space consisting of galleries around an open area dominated by the Tresco Megamart. Bridges at each level link the galleries, the anti-grav chutes [1], and the megamart [2]. Level 80, the plaza floor, is covered in synthi-astroturf, and crowded with shoppers and playing children. A spiral ramp and staircase [3] links the levels, carrying block buggies and an occasional service vehicle. Slidewalks [4] link this level with bus stops and other blocks.



The Tresco Megamart is part of a vast retail empire with hundreds of branches throughout the Mega-City. It occupies all six levels of the shopping plaza, though the top level is devoted to offices and service facilities.

Recently the sector headquarters of the chain noticed that profits from this branch were falling; the amount of stock entering the shop was rising without any apparent increase in sales, and stock-taking showed many small items were disappearing. The manager, Burt Tenko, blames the losses on shoplifting, though the company has spent several thousand creds on security improvements without any effect. Naturally, they have also notified the Justice Department. Several teams of Judges have visited the shop; all have arrested shoplifters, but still the rate of loss remains unusually high.

In fact, Tenko is responsible for the loss of profits. Normally the store should have 132 credit points where shoppers pay for their goods; he has added another seven, in areas handling small items which might plausibly be stolen. He has also programmed the main computer to pass the money taken at these extra credit points to the account of Ko-Net Travel, a front he maintains on the 84th level of the plaza. The staff operating these points aren't aware anything is wrong; the only way to discover transactions aren't being recorded would be to check the central store computer, learn the number of points in each department, then go down and make a visual inspection. Customers using these points receive goods and receipts in the normal way. Tenko is accustomed to Judges visiting the store, and has prepared charts comparing the quantity of goods entering the store with the amount sold and in stock. These charts are completely accurate, but naturally omit the goods sold through the phoney cash points, to give the impression that approximately 9% of the stock turnover is 'wastage' through theft. Half of this loss is real shoplifting (normal for a store of this type in Mega-City One), the rest represents his fraud. Tenko convincingly pretends to be worried about his promotion prospects and job security, and will continually ask the Judges if they have caught anyone. He is good at making misleading statements without actually lying, which will defeat the use of a Birdie. For example he might say "I think this shop is crawling with shoplifters" which is true, but doesn't explain most of the losses.

Perp 5: Burt Tenko (Embezzler)

S	I	CS	DS	TS	SS	MS	PS
1	24	13	11	65	44	3	7

Abilities: Use Data(2), Aura of Cool.

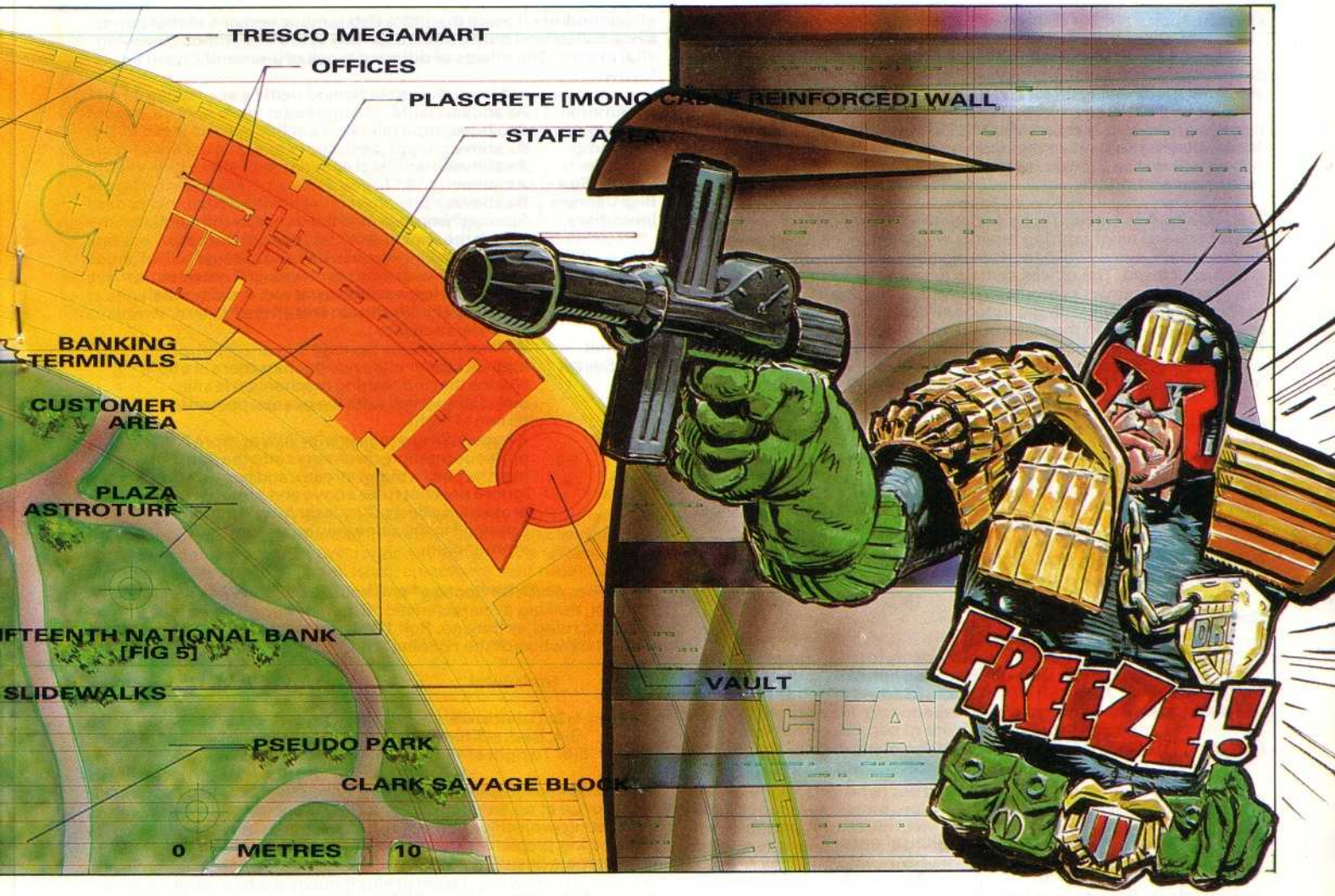
The departments showing the greatest losses are listed below; naturally Tenko's charts show only the losses, not the number of cash points:

Shoplifting Audit

	Estimated Monthly Loss		Location	Cash Points	
Department	Credits	% Sales	Level	Official	Extra
Jewellery	21,050	13	82	3	1
Food Hall	75,214	12	80	6	2
Boutique	48,212	9	83	4	1
Stationery	43,105	9	81	2	1
Vid Slugs	32,115	9	81	3	1
Software	27,214	8	81	2	1
Gifts	21,112	7	80	3	-*
Drug Store	13,241	6	82	3	-*

* losses entirely due to genuine shoplifting

In the time between the Judges' arrival and the bank robbery they won't be able to do much more than make a cursory inspection, though they will certainly find a few minor shoplifters with goods worth 6D6 creds hidden in bags, pockets, etc. Use typical citizens; all will be unarmed and will surrender without a fight. If the Judges return to the store after the robbery, they should be able to find some clue to Tenko's fraud; for example, the credit points used for the fraud are a slightly different model to those elsewhere in the store. If the GM decides the players need even more help, he could decide that Tenko occasionally needs to take cash out of the Megamart to his home. If the player Judges abandon the investigation, Acc-Div will eventually notice the fraud, but it will take several weeks for something to show up on their computers. If the Judges actually ask



for Acc-Div help, a team of accounts and programmers will swoop down on the store and crack the case in a few hours. Acc-Div are delighted to be called in; it proves they can do more than complain about expense accounts!

Each level of the plaza contains 8 smaller shops, coded by level and a letter.

80-a is an autobank, the target for the Gutz brothers raid. Full details are given in the next section.

80-b is a furniture store.

80-c is a munce-burger bar. The Gutz brothers are having a pre-robbery snack (triple 5-kilo munceburgers, Britcit-style fried munce sticks, and 5-litre munskya shakes) when the Judges arrive, but their view of the plaza is blocked by a partition and they won't see the Judges enter the megamart. Full details of the brothers are given in the next section.

80-d is a public meeting room, occupied at the time of the robbery by a Sponts Anonymous group therapy session. Eighteen sponts are present, led by the famous Edwin Parsey. Unfortunately the excitement of the robbery will cause remission among members of the group, and Parsey will rush out to confess, followed by the others. Assume that all the sponts have similar characteristics to Parsey, and assign names randomly.

80-e is a car showroom. For safety reasons none of the cars are fuelled; if one is sold, an electric tractor tows it down to the basement garage, where it is fuelled and given a final inspection before it is handed over to the customer.

80-f is a computer shop. If asked, the manager will remember selling a business system to Burt Tenko, manager of the Tresco Megamart (see above). For some reason Tenko asked him to deliver it to shop 84-g, and not to the megamart.

80-g is a gourmet restaurant, Chez Synth; the manager turned away four fatties (the Gutz brothers) half an hour ago, because all the tables were booked, and heard one of them say "when we've seen Neville and got our cut we can buy this place".

80-h is a tailors, irrelevant to this adventure.

Most of the shops on other levels are also irrelevant; however, there are some exceptions.

82-b, 82-d,82-e, and 83-b are all antique dealers, selling junk and bric-a-brac dating back to the late 20th and early 21st century. Stock includes a few rare paper books, plastic and glass bottles, rare tin cans and egg cartons – even some wooden furniture! All the proprietors are honest, except for minor breaches of Section 11 health regulations and advertising laws (punishable by fines rather than imprisonment). 82-c and 85-a are jewellers, also more or less innocent of wrong-doing. If the Judges search really thoroughly (as a blitz search) they will eventually discover some minor offence, such as a can of cleaning fluid that breaks fire regulations.

Shop	Shop name	Manager
82-b	Levvo's Antique Parlour	Tom Levvo(owner)
82-d	Decade 1990! Inc	Freda Reeves
82-e	Draw the Blinds on Yesterday	Winston Kodogo (owner)
83-g	The Shape of Futures Past™	Morgan Christopher
82-c	Bagel's Bangles and Beads	Ursula Bagel (owner)
85-a	The Ugly Jewellery Co.	Spug Thompson

83-b, the Crocker Antique Company, is apparently identical to the other antique shops, but the proprietor is a fence, Nick Crocker, who once served a term for tax fraud. Most of the items on open display are legitimate, but stock in a back room includes a fantastically valuable C5 electric tricycle (stolen last year), a first edition 1983 E-K London telephone directory (stolen from the Brit-Cit Museum two years ago), a genuine VHF flatscreen TV set (a smuggled import from Fuji Territory), and a collection of 115 20th-century hub-caps that were stolen from a wealthy collector during the Apocalypse War. Judges who enter this room and make an SS roll will realise that at least one of these items has appeared on a stolen goods list.

Perp 6: Nick Crocker (Fence)

S	I	CS	DS	TS	SS	MS	PS
1	13	10	10	12	34	6	7

Surrender modifier +15%, no weapons (but a huge variety of junk available for throwing).

If the Judges visit this shop before 13.25 hours, they will also find Rick Macey playing solitaire in the back room, and any Judge making an SS roll will realise Crocker is terrified. Full details of Macey are given in the next section.

84-g is Ko-Net Travel, Tenko's cover firm. The shop is closed and shuttered, and neighbouring tenants will say they've never seen anyone there, since Tenko tends to visit late at night when most shops are closed. The offices contain a computer terminal linked to the Tresco Megamart computer system and the credit system. Ko-Net actually bank with the autobank downstairs, and the fraud may be discovered in the wake of the robbery if Acc-Div are asked to check on the bank's customers. The current Ko-Net balance is a little over 850,000 creds, Tenko intends to remove the extra credit points and get things back to normal when he has a million creds.

Phase 3: 13.30 - 14.30 Hours

At 13.25 hours the Gutz brothers intend to move into the bank and start their robbery. Simultaneously Rick Macey will prepare to shoot anyone who interferes with the plan.

Perp 7: Eric "Curley" Gutz (Heister, former illegal eater)

S	I	CS	DS	TS	SS	MS	PS
2	22	23	11	11	18	9	11

Special attack: Bounce (see below)

Perp 8: Brian "The Porker" Gutz (Heister, former illegal eater)

S	I	CS	DS	TS	SS	MS	PS
3	21	33	9	14	33	11	2

Special attack: Bounce (see below)

Perp 9: Cyril Gutz (Heister, former illegal eater)

S	I	CS	DS	TS	SS	MS	PS
3	36	31	10	21	16	3	8

Special attack: Bounce (see below)

Perp 10: Mo Gutz (Heister, former illegal eater)

S	I	CS	DS	TS	SS	MS	PS
2	24	25	10	2	21	16	7

Special attack: Bounce (see below)

The Gutz brothers began their careers as heisters, but "retired" during the rule of Judge Cal, and took up eating as a way of passing the time. To their surprise, they found they had natural talents for food absorption and flab production, and began to compete in amateur and semi-pro tag-team eating competitions in the period after Cal's death (this unusual form of eating contest called for strength and agility as well as gluttony; the team's consumption was measured over 15 minutes, with only one eater at the food chute at any moment – consumption of more than 1200 kilos per team was common). Food rationing after the Apocalypse War put an end to their careers; they joined the League of Fatties, but were rounded up and confined until rationing ended, and never regained their original eating speed. For several months they have been drifting on the fringes of the underworld, trying to get back into organised crime. They see this robbery as their big chance, and for this reason (plus the fact they think they are bulletproof) will not surrender. They aren't bright, and may fall for tricks that most perps would escape. They have criminal records for minor offences from before the reign of Cal.

All four Gutz brothers carry attache cases containing electro-prods, shaped Boing® helmets, gas masks, armoured gloves and two Stumm gas grenades a piece. Brian also has two shaped demolition charges. They have forgotten to clean their fingerprints from this equipment. The brothers each weigh over 500 kg and use a belliwheel to move, and have taken massive doses of Spungg®. They wear dark green coveralls.

Spunng® transforms flab into a resilient molecule resembling Boing®, armouring the body as follows:

Head (Boing® helmet)	65%
Chest	50%
Abdomen	90%
Arms	40%
Legs	45%

This protection is enhanced by the bouncing effect of Spungg®; if a projectile or blow hits and the armour roll is less than half the remaining armour protection of the flab (eg, an armour roll under 45 for an abdomen hit), the bullet or blow bounces out without doing any damage to armour at all. Any hit which penetrates suffers a -2 effect modifier if more than 10% flab armour remains at that point, since bullets and blows tend to remain in the flab without reaching vital organs. The effects of different types of ammunition are as follows:

GP Ammo	As above.
HE Ammo	As above.
AP Ammo	As above.
Grenade	As above.
Scatter Gun	As above.
Bike Cannon	As above.
Incendiary	Spungg® impregnated flab is highly inflammable. If the shot doesn't bounce out the perp bursts into flames, even if the flab would normally give armour protection. The flames are almost impossible to put out. A sickly smell of roast perp fills the air, and all the fire sprinklers activate ....
Ricochet	Will not penetrate Spungg®.
Heat Seeker	If a heat seeker hits and ricochets there is a 50% chance that the homing mechanism is still active; if so it will seek the nearest person to its line of flight.
Hypo	A hypo hitting a region with 20% or more flab protection simply discharges into the flab, not into the perp's blood stream, and has no effect.
Lasers	Ignore ricochet rules above and armour protection effects. Any laser hit will ignite the Spungg® in the same way as incendiary ammunition.

Projectiles which hit Spungg® and bounce out don't just vanish; they ricochet, making a characteristic "Spunnngggg" noise (like a vibrating ruler) as they go. Roll 1D6 twice, for the horizontal and vertical direction of the ricochet:

Horizontal	Vertical
1-2: To left at 45°	1-2: Up at 45°
3-4: Back at firer	3-4: Back at firer
5-6: To right at 45°	5-6: Down at 45°

For example, if the die rolls are 3 and 1, the bullet bounces back at the firer, but up at an angle of 45°. The GM should carefully track ricocheting projectiles and see if Judges, perps or citizens are at risk. Ricocheting projectiles make wild attacks on anyone in the approximate line of fire, but have -2 effect modifiers.

Spungg® also affects the mobility and hand-to-hand combat abilities of perps. For each combat round a perp spends gathering momentum (for example, by running and bouncing backwards and forwards between two walls), five metres per action are added to running speed, and this speed is retained in rounds and actions in which the perp does something else (eg, throwing a punch) while bouncing along.

However, equivalent time must be spent shedding speed to stop again. For each round spent in this fashion, there is a +1 effect modifier on all hand-to-hand hits. For example, Cyril Gutz spends 3 rounds building up speed, giving him 15 metres movement in each action. He then kicks Judge Fodder (strength 1), hits him in the abdomen, and penetrates his armour. Cyril has strength 3, rolls 2 (on 1D4) for damage, subtracts 1 for kick, then adds 3 for his accumulated speed, for a total of 7. Fodder takes 2 wounds and crumples to the synthi-astroturf; with a survival roll of 04 he is seriously dead ....

The brothers intend to blow their way into the back rooms and vault of the bank, swallow as many sacks of money as possible (remember that the Gutz brothers are capable of consuming vast quantities of inedible junk), then bounce their way out onto the east slidewalk. A hover-van, with Vince Spiers at the wheel will be waiting beside the slidewalk from 13.30 onwards.

Perp 11: Rick Macey (Hit Man)

S	I	CS	DS	TS	SS	MS	PS
3	46	67	32	25	43	12	000

Surrender modifier -20%
Abilities: Avoid Shots, Crack Shot, Fast Shot, Aura of Cool. Macey is tall, blonde, and has an extremely vicious look. He carries a trombone case containing a laser rifle and spare power pack, and has a laser pistol in his pocket. He wears Cit-Def uniform, including a shell jacket and helmet.

At 13.27 Macey goes out onto the gallery and pretends to wait for someone, prepared to shoot anyone who interferes with the robbery, or the Gutz brothers if they are caught. He plans to take an elevator to the basement, and use a stolen Turbo 1400 Starglider roadster (see GM's Book p111) to escape. It has false number plates (Judges who check will find the numbers are registered to a Munska delivery van) and is parked four rows behind the Judges' bikes. When Macey leaves he will try to damage the Lawmasters, by backing into them or

spraying their engines with laser fire. If the Judges have left their computers switched on, they will report the attack by radio, but won't open fire on Macey without a direct command.

The target bank is a small branch of the Fifteenth National Bank of Mega-City One chain (see Figure 5). Most citizens don't make much use of cash, but it is still the essential lubricant of small transactions, such as the purchase of magazines, tipping and children's pocket money, and a little loose change is still carried. It is also preferred for illegal transactions. In a block with 47,821 inhabitants the amount of cash in circulation can be fairly high, and since it is the end of the financial quarter, many customers have deposited cash to pay bills, and the vault currently holds 1,420,115 creds in assorted notes and coins, including 850,000 creds ready-bagged for collection by a securo-pod team. The bank has three staff, aided by a GP robot. Most routine transactions are carried out on banking terminals in the customer area, the remainder are handled by the staff.

Otis Peabody (Bank clerk)

S	I	CS	DS	TS	SS	MS	PS
1	21	12	12	18	21	6	7

A wimp who cowers in a corner throughout the robbery.

Adolf Nelson (Bank clerk, Cit-Def commander)

S	I	CS	DS	TS	SS	MS	PS
3	23	36	10	22	11	18	4

Nelson carries a licenced spit pistol, and will show the normal behaviour of any Cit-Def member in a crisis; he will panic and start to spray the room with shots, Roll randomly for wild fire targets, including everyone in the bank (staff, customers, and robots as well as perps) in the round before the Stumm gas affects him.

Janis Scrooge (Bank Manager)

S	I	CS	DS	TS	SS	MS	PS
2	16	17	11	45	43	2	5

Abilities: Use Data, Interrogate

Janis ducks for cover and activates the alarms at the first sign of trouble, and is the most sensible employee of the bank.

Hi! I'm Bernie (GP robot)
Standard servo-droid: efficient, eager to please, and very good at annoying Judges. Naturally, he has used his cameras to record the perps as they rob the bank.

The external bank walls are plascrete reinforced with monomolecular filament cables, and are invulnerable to most hand weapons, though a bike cannon could probably damage them eventually. The internal walls, customer windows and doors are made of polypropylop, glasseen and other tough plastics on a metal frame, giving 80% armour protection. The vault is monomolecule reinforced crystalline steel; one of the demolition charges is specially designed to deal with this material.

It is assumed Judges become aware of the crime after the perps have broken in. The first indication that something is happening occurs when four or five customers run out screaming, gas starts to gush from the bank door, the alarm sounds, and there are two loud explosions as the brothers deal with the internal door and the vault. Eric, Brian and Mo start to stuff the money into bags and swallow them, while Cyril guards the door with his electroprod. If Judges are nearby and can reach the bank within six rounds they can interrupt this phase, otherwise the Gutz brothers will have swallowed 850,000 creds (250,000 a piece for the three in the vault, 100,000 creds for Cyril) and will be preparing to escape when the Judges arrive:

> As you approach the bank you see wisps of vapour around the door, and citizens collapsing outside. You also hear a strange twanging noise, rapidly rising in intensity and frequency, and feel the ground and synthi-astroturf vibrating beneath your feet. With a series of loud "Spunnnggg" noises, four huge green forms hurtle from the bank door, flying across the plaza towards you.

The brothers have 10 metres/action accumulated speed, and intend to bounce from the side wall of the Megamart and out to the slidewalk. However, the side of the Megamart is a window, and they will smash through it and into the display behind. Five shop window models run screaming as they are sprayed with fragments of glasseen. The brothers are entangled with furniture and other display materials for 1D4 actions, then continue their escape, having lost their speed.

Naturally the Judges can attempt to stop the perps. However, Macey begins his sniping attack at this time, running round the gallery to keep the Judges and perps in sight. He will make his own escape when all of the Gutz brothers have been caught or escaped, or if the Judges start to close in on him. If any of the brothers catch fire (as explained above), the sprinklers will activate, and the synthi-astroturf will become very slippery. The Judges must make initiative rolls to stay on their feet or lose an action, while the Gutz brothers will continue to bounce whatever the conditions, though they will be unable to make bounce attacks.

At approximately this time the first sponts appear on the scene, led by Edwin Parsey. They start to confess to a range of crimes, from bank robbery and breaking the glasseen window to multiple murder. Naturally these crimes are purely imaginary, but the sponts will get in the Judges' way and prevent them dealing with the crime effectively, as well as stopping ricocheting bullets.

A hover-van piloted by Vincent Spiers is waiting beside the east slidewalk. The surviving brothers will bounce out and must make Initiative rolls to bounce into the van; cling nets will stop them bouncing out again. Brothers who miss the van plummet 80 levels to the pavement, and up again; Spiers must make DS rolls to catch them in mid-bounce. He will take off as soon as Judges appear, leaving those brothers who haven't boarded to be captured. Whatever happens, at least two of the Gutz brothers should escape.

Perp 12: Vince Spiers (getaway driver)

S	I	CS	DS	TS	SS	MS	PS
2	32	21	45	37	30	2	11

Las-knife, Stump gun.

Spiers look like the sterotyped image of a getaway driver; silvered sunglasses, a drooping moustache, and cowboy boots.

Scim-Dynamo Hover-van: a commercial version of the Scim-speeder (see GM's Book p109) but Full Speed 380 kph, Max Speed 180 m/R, Acc/Dec 30 m/R, Stop 60 m/R. Use normal hover-car hit locations. Cargo capacity 3 tons.

The hover-van (licence 3KN-HV126-34211) is stolen, and will be close to full cargo capacity if all four brothers manage to get on board. Judges can fire at it until it lurches out of range (though they shouldn't shoot it down), but can't really pursue it. Unfortunately most of the area's H-Wagons are already answering emergency calls, or have been reassigned to the riot in Sector 145 South, and the van will be lost in traffic before it can be intercepted.

If the Judges stay on at the block they can make sure the rest of the bank's money is secure, question citizens around the plaza, and look for evidence. A forensic team will arrive after 10+2D10 minutes, and start to examine the belliwheels, cases, and other items left by the gang. A service Pat-wagon will collect the bikes and leave replacements.

If the Judges chase Macey, 'Hi! I'm Bernie' will try to keep citizens out of the bank with a particular lack of success (but since there is still Stumm gas in the air the Judges will eventually return to find a few light-fingered citizens doubled up and vomiting outside). If the Judges are close enough to Macey to stop him sabotaging their bikes, he will start a gun battle, continuing until he is wounded, killed or escapes.

Macey, Spiers, and the Gutz brothers were briefed by Gavin Neville, a mobster and one of the masterminds who thought up the crime, at Ricardo's Shuggy Hall, and will confess this if they are taken alive. They were supposed to return to the Hall after the robbery. Other routes to Neville are through the comment overheard by the head waiter of Chez Synth, or through Crocker; two or three citizens saw Macey leaving Crocker's shop. If he is questioned, he will bluff at first, then confess that Neville contacted him by vid-phone and told him to expect Macey. Crocker saw that Neville was in a shuggy parlour when he called, but can't identify it. If all else fails, MAC can produce a list of criminal contacts known to the Gutz brothers and Macey; Neville heads that list.

Neville is rumoured to be a henchman of Chris "Las-Saw" Dick, suspected mob leader, a resident of Vito Corleone Block. MAC's records show that Neville is a fanatical shuggy player, and is the owner of Ricardo's Shuggy Hall, which happens to be near Clark Savage block.

When the Judges have this information they will be told to wait for new bikes (if they were damaged), then be assigned to check out the shuggy hall while other units visit Neville's apartment and Vito Corleone Block. As they travel they will receive a message from MAC:

++ 14.15 HOURS ++ CRIME REPORT

Further to crime report item 33, the Clark Savage Block robbers may have been using a product stolen in the Synthi-Synth™ raid. It's called Spungg®, and would have the effects you describe. Their scientists say it was still in the experimental phase of development, and hadn't been tested for long term effects. They think it will break down after a few hours and lose its bounce.

Phase 4: 14.30 - 15.30 Hours

Ricardo's Shuggy Hall is typical of shuggy halls everywhere (use the plans in the game box); at this time of day the only occupants are a few dispirited players, lethargically tapping balls around the table and waiting for high-rolling gamblers to arrive. The barman, "Fast" Eddie Kinnock will admit to having seen Neville earlier in the day, but says he went out at lunchtime and hasn't returned. He seems worried about something; if the Judges search they will eventually find a man's body, stabbed and locked in the lavatory cubicle adjoining Neville's office! Kinnock tends to give the game away by glancing in that direction whenever he is asked an important question.

Perp 13: "Fast" Eddie Kinnock (Accessory to murder)

S	I	CS	DS	TS	SS	MS	PS
2	34	20	14	16	45	6	8

Will not fight

If Kinnock is confronted with the body, he will eventually admit that Neville was there earlier. The man came in and went into Neville's office. Kinnock doesn't know how he was killed; Neville called him into the office and said the other man drew a knife, and that they were fighting for it when he died. Neville said he would kill Kinnock if he didn't help conceal the body.

A few minutes later some more strangers came in (describe everyone who escaped from the scene of the crime). Neville talked to them for a few minutes, then Kinnock heard him shout "There were Judges there and you still went ahead with it? Spug me - you must be idiots!". A few minutes later Neville left with them, saying he'd be back with some friends to pick up the body in two or three hours. A Birdie lie detector or interrogation will reveal that Kinnock is telling the truth; however, he suspects that Neville wasn't being 100% truthful with him, and won't be coming back.

An ID card in the victim's pocket identifies him as Bernie Montarez, a maintenance technician at the Synthi-Synth™ laboratory. A check with MAC will reveal that he was suspected of being the inside man for the robbers, and has been missing since the burglary. Laboratory analysis will later reveal that the card is a good fake; in fact he was Dominic Gruber, a freelance industrial spy known to have mob connections, and who took on the alias to bluff his way into Synthi-Synth™.

Neville killed Montarez/Gruber because he was attempting to blackmail him. Originally he thought he could simply hide the body and carry on as normal, but when he heard Judges were on the Gutz brothers trail (or that some of the perps had been arrested), he decided to abandon the shuggy parlour (which is heavily mortgaged) and go underground, getting a face change and any other disguise surgery he could afford, and then start again in another part of the Mega-City. However, he first has to deal with a few loose ends, such as the Gutz brothers, Rick Macey, and Vince Spiers.

If the Judges search Neville's office thoroughly, they will eventually find an electro-key taped to the bottom of a desk drawer. It's for an expensive lock, manufactured in fairly small quantities. MAC can verify that under 35,000 were sold and installed.

At the Judges' request, MAC can compare a list of customers who bought the locks with a list of property holders. At approximately 15.15 MAC will find that one of the customers owned a lock-up garage now leased to one Nevil Garvin, and will suggest that this might be an alias for Gavin Neville. It's a few kilometres away, so Control will assign the team to check out the garage; it will take approximately 15 minutes to get there.

Phase 5: 15.30 - 16.30 Hours

A few months ago Neville set up a securo-pod heist, which was cancelled when one of the gangsters was arrested and confessed to the Judges. Another mobster dealt with the squealer, but Neville had already paid six months rent on a large garage (big enough to hold a securo-pod and the equipment needed to break it open), which currently holds two stolen Mo-pads, a five ton truck, the hover-van and Neville and the other perps. Use the large tunnel diagram in the Judge Dredd game, set up as on p125 of the GM's Book, with a vehicle between each of the posts, the end marked "pipeway exit" closed off by sliding doors, and no elevator at point E. Set up the perps as you like; if there were only two or three survivors of the raid add a few more thugs – henchmen of Neville's who are present for the final share-out from the robbery. There should be a minimum of two perps for each Judge. Any additional NPCs should be heisters (as p52 of the GM's Book) armed with spit pistols or scatter guns.

When the Judges arrive they will hear a furious argument in progress, clearly audible outside the garage. The surviving Gutz brothers are saying they can't get rid of the money they swallowed; for some reason they can't seem to vomit it up, and they don't feel at all well. Other gangsters are suggesting ways of recovering the money, from salt water to a chain saw ....

Whichever way the Judges proceed, they will eventually need to unlock the doors and interrupt the argument. As the Judges enter they will be stepping from daylight into dim light; even if they are on their bikes, with headlights lit, they will need a moment to acclimatise. Meanwhile the perps scatter behind the vehicles and start to fire. The Judges should also hear a twanging noise as the Gutz brothers try to get up speed for bounce attacks.

In the hours since the Gutz brothers took their doses of Spunng®, the chemical has been reacting with their flesh, becoming more and more unstable as time passed. Each of the Gutz brothers is now equivalent to a few kilos of nitroglycerine, and any sufficiently powerful impact may set them off. The chance of an explosion in any round is as follows:

For each round spent building up speed by bouncing	+10%
For each impact in which the flab acts as armour	+20%
For each impact penetrating the flab	+20%
Any laser or incendiary damage	+100%

If one brother explodes, the others will also detonate, spraying the garage with fragments of bone, shredded money and lumps of flesh. All the Judges and perps will be in the blast area of the explosion, which has a +1 effect modifier for each brother exploding (eg, if 3 brothers detonate there is a +3 modifier) but no other special effects. All the Gutz brothers will be killed.

Since the Judges are armoured and the perps are not, it is likely that none of the perps will be able to continue the fight, and the adventure will end with the Judges dealing with their wounds (and those of the perps) and reporting back to control. Forensic will eventually find some of the Synthi-Synth™ material in the smouldering remains of a mo-pad equipped as a laboratory. A med-team will arrive, and give the Judges first aid. Control will order them to return to the sector house, rest for an hour, then report to an H-Wagon for transport to Sector 145 South. The afternoon isn't over yet, and there's still a riot to deal with ....

Afterwards

Aim to give surviving Judges between 30 and 50 experience points for this adventure. As usual, good planning, effective roleplaying, and efficient utilisation of skills and resources should be rewarded; stupidity and poor roleplaying should be penalised.

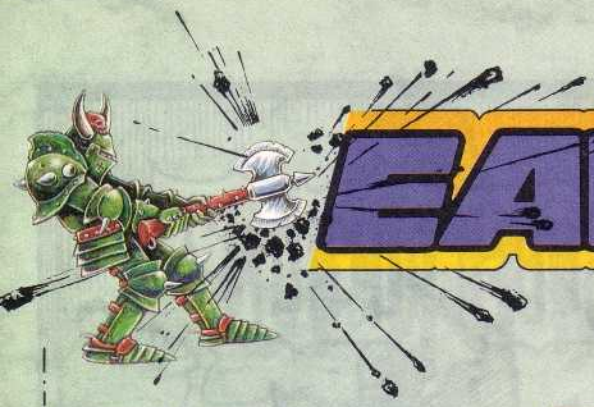
Although the team have caught Neville, they don't really have any evidence to convict his alleged boss, Chris "Las Saw" Dick. Naturally Dick will take steps to ensure that Neville can't betray him, and the team may be asked to protect him from Blitzers or some other form of assassination.

The Tresco Megamart mystery may still need to be solved; encourage the team to take another look at the situation, or get specialised help. If they don't do this, it's possible they may eventually be assigned to track Tenko down.

The Synthi-Synth™ research division will be very interested in the Judges' reports, and the Judges should be encouraged to think of banning Spunng® before it hits the streets.

This scenario has deliberately been left with several loose ends which GMs can exploit or ignore. Where did Azimov get his explosives? Who was going to buy the stolen kneepad jewellery? What happened to the rest of the Spungg®?

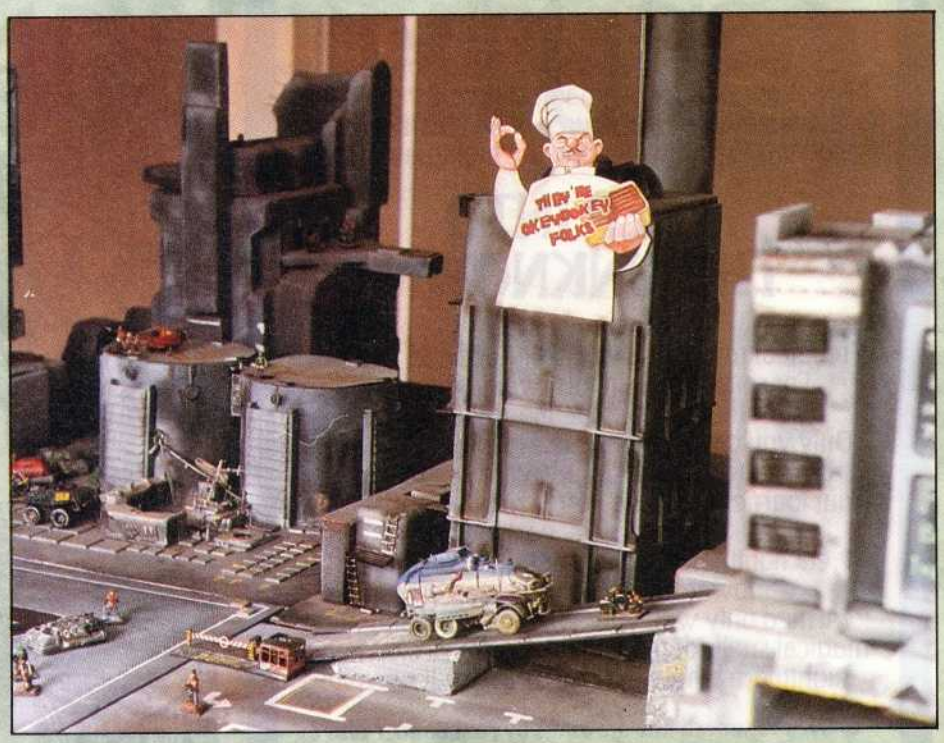
Will the Judges ever visit Ronnie Rambo block, and what will they find there? There's no need for a single team of Judges to follow up all these problems; it's a big Mega-City, and there are thousands of Judges on the streets.



HEAVY METAL

This Month:

Sector 306
Built by the Players' Guild



Block war, speeding motorcycle gangs, over-zealous maintenance droids, escaped Kleggs, securivans carrying illegal Munce additives, jamming and overparked taxis. These are just a few of the problems that Judges Hunt, Clelland, Renshaw and Andrews had to sort out during **Games Day '85**. Of course they had a little help from Judge Dredd (not to mention Judge Anderson, Tech Judges, Psi Judges and plenty of much-needed Med Judges ....), but even so, it was tough out there on the streets.

The **Judge Dredd role-playing game** demonstration at Games Day was the culmination of 8 weeks of frenzied activity, building and painting the models and display. We used over 300 figures during the game, of which 90 were brand new Judge Dredd figures and lawmasters. We converted many of the models seen on the display, as the official JD figures were just being released at the time, and the range wasn't as complete as it is now. So, the figures came from various Citadel ranges - old and new - including amazons, troglodytes, gangsters, super-heroes, space marines, red redemptionists and even Orcs!

However, converting and painting the figures was the easy part. How on earth were we going to construct a display game of a city that has buildings which supposedly dwarf the Empire State? Answer, we reduced the scale, though we kept it high enough to look right with 25mm figures. We also planned it so that it would be possible to play a game on it at home. That meant it had to be made up in sections.

We started with thirty flat 2′ x 2′ hardboard bases, enough to cover a 15′ x 4′ area. We then planned out our sector (Sector 306), which would include part of the Cursed Earth wall, and would have a factory, power plant, starport, slums, housing blocks and motorways.

Our long-standing bastion of ideal construction material was chosen, polystyrene. It's easily available, light, easy to construct with, and - of course - cheap! One thing it doesn't have is much durability, so we planned the display to be on interchangeable sections, providing many different configuration possibilities.

Therefore, each 2′ x 2′ section had to be self-complete.

This plan did present us with the problem of what to do with the motorways. Mega-City One has lots of different motorway levels, and we wanted to get this feeling across. So, we simplified and built two different motorways (actually Skedways), with a Slipzoom to City Bottom. The roads were made from large pieces of hardboard placed on polystyrene blocks to get the height. The roads at City bottom were created by leaving 2″ clear around the edge of each base section (easy, eh?). It was round about this time too that the Cursed Earth wall section was dropped (due to problems over its size, and some butter fingers). Now we could concentrate on the rest of the Sector.

The Starport was built on two boards, in fact. One was the lander field, made from a piece of plastic gauze, and the other contained the cargo hangers. These were simply made out of two appropriately-shaped pieces of polystyrene packing (available from local electrical stores everywhere!), with scratch-built ladders, railings and doors glued on.

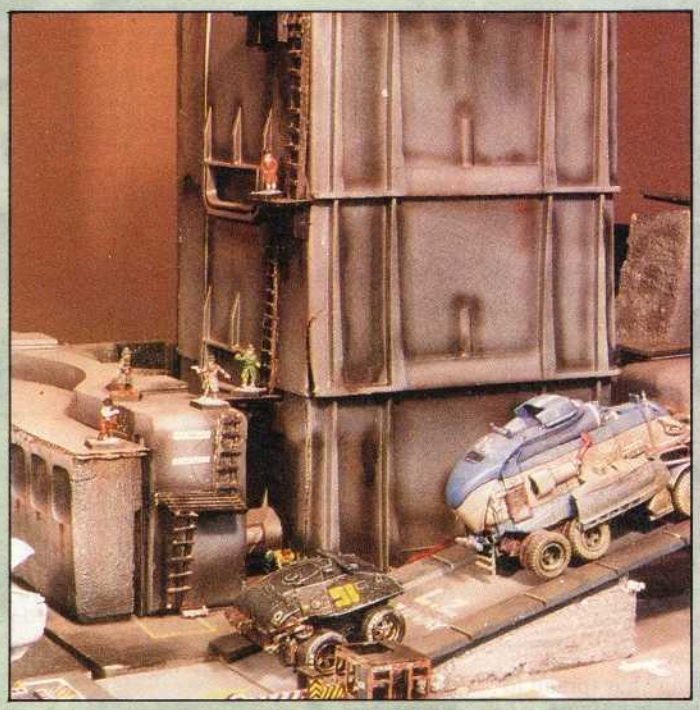
The Munce factory building started life as a couple of old Citadel figure bins (any old bucket would have done), with panelled bath packing and a 3″ tall cardboard tube chimney (an old carpet tube without the carpet). The power plant and housing blocks were, again, conglomerations of polystyrene packing with plenty of household bits stuck on. Incidently, we found that Citadel plastic figure bases came in dead handy at this point ....

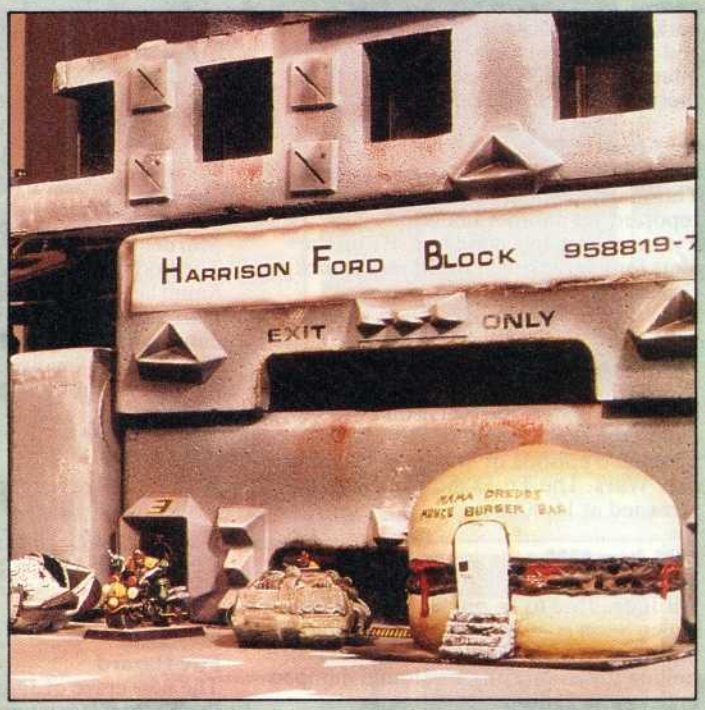
We stood back and admired our work; lots of very cheap and nasty-looking heaps of polystyrene and litter glued onto wooden boards. "Wow!" we said, and started sweating. The City now needed a pretty complete paint job, and so we got to work and painted everything grey, including our hands, shoes and hair. We then ruined two expensive air-brushes and a carpet by spray-painting it in various tones of black and white (or grey, as we called it). Now we had lots of very cheap and nasty-looking heaps of polystyrene and litter glued onto wooden boards covering a 14′ x 4′ area and looking very .... well, grey.

We livened it up with plentiful amounts of miniature posters (cut from magazine ads), our own advertisements (for Floyds Bank, Ataki, etc) and graffiti. We painted lots of signs and meaningful numbers in bright yellow and labelled the housing blocks **The HARRISON FORD** and **The JAMES T KIRK**.

The advertisements and graffiti gave the correct atmosphere for Mega-City One, and we noticed some spectators at Games Day doing no more than just reading all the different slogans.

So, all you prospective Judge Barretts and Mega-City architects now know that all you require are the contents of any TV shop dustbin, plus lots of paint and glue. We didn't build anything that anybody else couldn't build themselves and tried to show what's possible with a little imagination, grey paint, and - above all - patience.





Apart from the large buildings and figures, we constructed lots of smaller buildings, machinery and vehicles. We built a hamburger-shaped hamburger joint (Mama Dredd's) out of the rounded ends of plastic pop bottles with a corrugated hamburger sandwiched in between. We also had plans for a ketchup bottle-shaped ketchup bar, and an orange-shaped squash bar, but it went mouldy.

The machinery parts were made from parts and sprue from old plastic model kits, glued together in an interesting mass (old racing car and plane engines make great power plants).

The large 40″ x 18″ spaceship started life as .... yes .... polystyrene packing, but this time with lots of cardboard and even more plastic kit parts glued onto it. This was airbrushed grey, and given a brown stripe (to make it look different!).

Cars and vehicles were again built from old kit parts; plane engines and cowlings provide good streamlined air-cars.

The byword for scratch-building your own SF models is to be bold. They should look futuristic and different, and be brightly painted with a weathered, scratched finish (ie, used). By now we'd finished Sector 306, and all that remained was to devise a scenario that would last 4 players a total of 16 hours playing time. The answer was to lay it on thick, and the following is the briefing we gave to Judges Hunt, Clelland, Renshaw and Andrews.

TIME: 09:00hrs
OFFICER IN CHARGE:
Judge Howes
PRIORITY STATUS: Escort

****** Item ******
Escort required for H-wagon carrying 10 Klegg prisoners. Convoy is to be routed along Skedway 1426 to waiting *Black Star* freighter for deportation to Luna-1.

ETA in Sector 306: 10:00hrs

****** Item ******
Status Red - Hazard
Alae Caponer has confessed to hiring 6 blitz agents for a hit on Judge Anderson. Anderson and Judge Dredd are due to visit this Sector to debrief rookies at 12:30 hrs. Place and time of hit unknown. Judges are urgently requested to question their own

narks and to block hit before Judges Dredd and Anderson arrive. Further interrogation of Caponer continues, and there will be updates on this item.

****** Item ******
Status Red - Animal Hazard
The Wayne Daktari Animal Dealers have reported yet another immature Tyranosaurus specimen lost. Be on the alert for a large green lizard and panicking citizens.

****** Item ******
Block Tension
Block war is threatened between the James T Kirk block and the Harrison Ford block due to the replacement of this afternoon's scheduled episode of **Star Trek** by the film **Star Wars**. The Tri-D show is due to be screened at 16:00hrs.

****** Item ******
Vehicle Stolen
All Judges are to be on the lookout for a stolen **Securivan Inc** armoured wagon, registration SECX 9871/02. The gold bullion it was carrying was found dumped in Sector 305 this morning.

****** Item ******
Scrawlers
The Cherry Hill mob has reputedly challenged the Womens' Institute of Scrawlers to an anti-nuclear scrawl match. Be on the lookout for juves and punks with CND badges and spray cans.

****** Item ******
Murder
The body of **Squeezer Hog** the nark was found last night in the warehouse bordering Harrison Ford block. Forensics and autopsy reports to follow. Witnesses say mobsters are involved. Judge Clelland and his rookie team are assigned.

****** Item ******
Reminder
All Judges are reminded that Judge Dredd wishes to debrief all rookies on this, the last day of their special assignment. Please have personnel reports ready by 17:00hrs at the latest.

****** Item ******
Fire Hazard
The new craze of Jamming© has spread to this Sector. It is suspected that **Mama Dredd** is going for the record of jamming more than 157 people in her hamburger joint. Persons involved are to be charged with breaking fire regulation limits, as anti-jamming legislation is pending tomorrow.

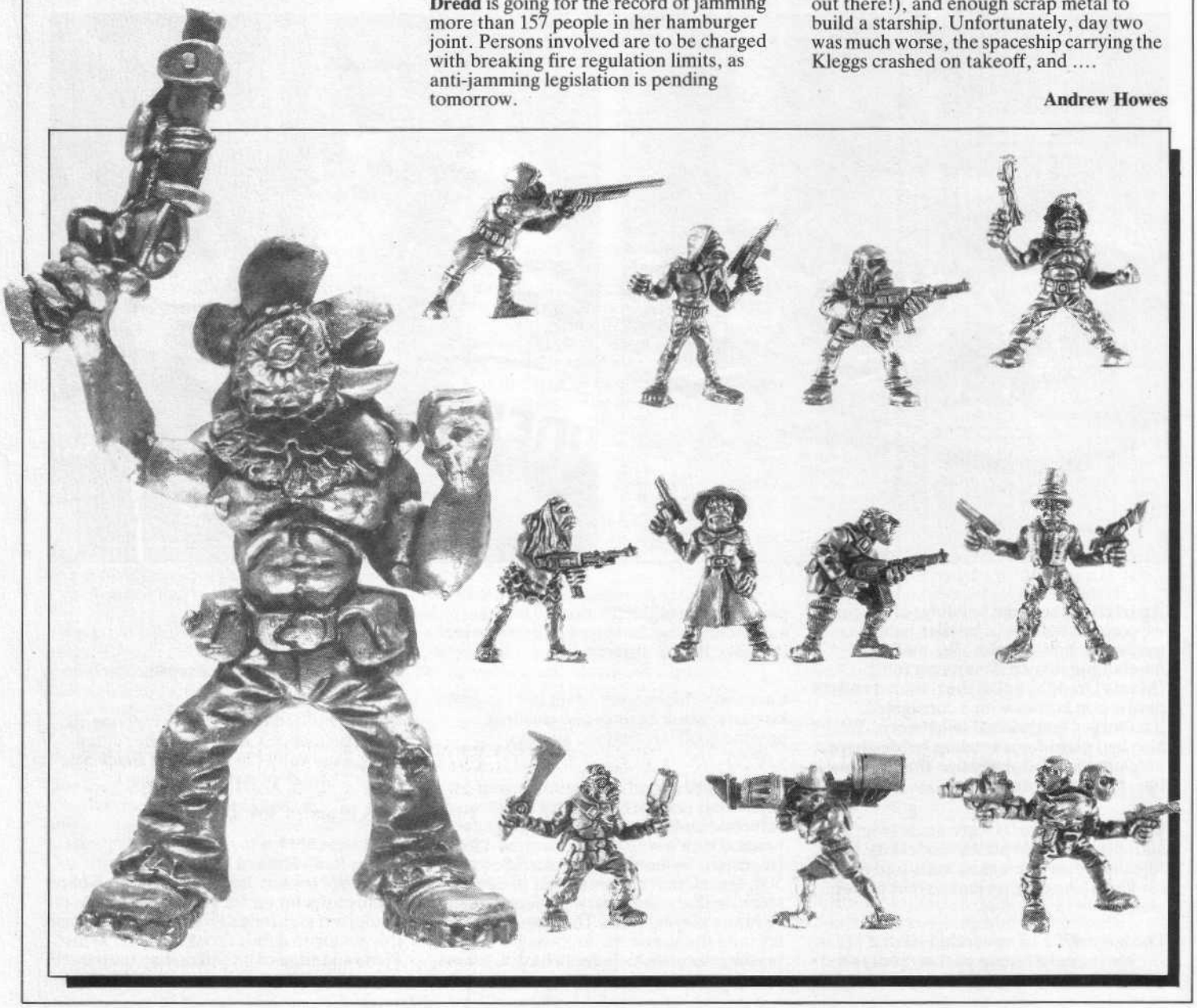
****** Item ******
Road Hazard
The over-rated motor-cycle gang (ORC) have reputedly gunned-up their motor cycles in response to their gang leader, **Delgardos**, being run over by a Yellow Cab Company taxi. YCC taxi drivers want assurance and protection of safe passage through Sector 306.

****** Item ******
Vehicles Stolen
Period 00:00-08:30hrs; Sector 306
Total: 1,062 Recoveries: 1

****** Item ******
General Hazard
Let's be careful out there.

Hence I started as I meant to go on. Of course, all the items outlined above were used at some point during the first day, and Judges Hunt, Clelland, Renshaw and Andrews managed a very grand total of 96 arrests, 1 recovered dinosaur, 1 recovered securivan, the closure of Mama Dredd's, the recapture of 10 Kleggs and the halting of a Block War. All this for the loss of 8 lawmasters, 12 rookie Judges (it's tough out there!), and enough scrap metal to build a starship. Unfortunately, day two was much worse, the spaceship carrying the Kleggs crashed on takeoff, and ....

Andrew Howes



Coming soon, the latest addition to the ever popular Judge Dredd range: **JD3 Muties** Judge Dredd © IPC 1986 A Citadel/Titan Co-production

Department of Justice, Mega-City One

New New Hall of Justice, Mega-City One

CONFIDENTIAL MEMORANDUM

Letters Page,
White Dwarf,
Enfield Chambers,
16/18 Low Pavement,
Nottingham NG1 7DL

So .... the first letters page on the new mag. Let's have a look at what we've got here .... sexism, ageism, realism, WD is brill, WD is rubbish – and what's this sack, then?

Richard Lomas, Halifax, W. Yorks: What has happened to the *Letters* page? We used to have serious, well thought out criticism of articles from previous WDs, with people writing in with their own ideas and suggestions. Now all we get are nasty letters, complaining about sexism, younger players, and letters which are utterly pointless, such as Roger Stenning's in WD77. It wasn't even funny. Don't you get any decent letters any more?

Gary Lea, Rainford, Merseyside: Must you allow people to waste the letters page slagging each other off? This argument about sexism has gone on long enough and has wasted enough space.

If people wish to continue their silly arguments, must you allow them space in the mag? I can think of better uses; why don't readers make comments on WD articles and suggest ideas for the magazine, or ask other readers to help clarify rules or see how other people have solved problems not catered for in the rulebooks.

Nigel Espley, Kingswinford, W Mids: I bought a couple of (dare I say it) *Dragon* issues at Birmingham *Dragonmeet*. Their equivalent of the WD *Letters* page is called *Forum*, and contains reasoned, intelligent discussions of various aspects of frp, alternative rules, etc. How is it that British frpers are only able to contribute endless carping and arguing over such controversial subjects as sexism and why 3-year-olds shouldn't be allowed to play *Call of Cthulhu?* If anyone dares contribute a topic for discussion, he or she is attacked with far from constructive criticisms. Why not miss out the abuse and confine the content to reasonable arguments for and against the view? Come on, it's not difficult.

Tom Jewell, Hampton Hill, Middx: I am writing to say I feel the *Letters* page has deteriorated. It used to contain comments on articles and new ideas; now it contains arguments about sexism, young gamers, etc – which have nothing to do with WD.

Tobias Hill, N London: Congratulations – last issue's *Letters* were among the best WD has ever seen. They were both interesting and constructive, and covered a wide range of topics both old and new. Furthermore, the editorial comments managed a semblance of sanity. We can only hope that such miracles never cease.

Chris Blunt, Brighton, E Sussex: I quite enjoy the bitchy remarks passed on the WD *Letters* page, although sometimes writers can get carried away, as I did ('though I still hold fast on my opinions on age discrimination). Perhaps strong remarks allow the best expression of opinions. They also get the most interesting replies.

A Wally From Bolton: I am writing in to complain about *all* the letters you put on the *Letters* page –

Hmmm .... letters about the ***Letters*** *page .... that's a new one on me. Still it makes a change from sexism, I suppose – and that subject is definitely closed. Except for this letter, which I couldn't resist, being an irresponsible sort of chap ....*

Laurielle Miller, Louisiana, USA: In response to Ms Carbery's letter (WD76), I agree that most rpgs take place in a world that never was. Nevertheless, in any 'medieval' setting, female adventurers will be in a minority. A world without advanced technology and effective contraception will not have equality of the sexes.

I cannot fathom why Ms Carbery finds WD covers, page-3 girls in the papers or fantasy novel covers "an insult" to her "feminity". She seems to be saying that women cannot appear to act in an alluring way without having their womanhood denigrated. Isn't this just one more way of saying "good girls don't"? I happen to be a female, educated, a gamer and a feminist. I also enjoy being attractive and work hard at it. I'd be flattered to model for a WD cover – it would be proof that years of aerobics and running have paid off.

He characters are free to wear shapeless smocks. My characters wear a minimum of clothing; costume makes a statement, and my characters use aggresive sexiness to show off the kind of arrogance appropriate to a young warrior.

Now that really is enough .... All letters received here suggesting that Laurielle send signed photographs will be defumigated and sent for pulping. You have been warned.

It ought to be no secret that things are changing around here, so –

Paul Johnson, SE London: What on earth is going on? Just as a new editor is taking over, the magazine moves 100+ miles to the North and is taken over by someone else. Can't you get your act together? Why bother appointing Ian Marsh if he's going to be made redundant after three issues. Why bother moving to Nottingham? Has it suddenly become the rpg capital of Britain? I say bring back Ian Livingstone! Why, oh why, does everything have to change when new staff take over? Why not stick to a tried and trusted formula for once?

- so we expected quite a few letters to come in about the decision to remove the Departments, and upon the changing contents of your favourite frp magazine. Here are a few of the many.

Michael Kay, Bourneville, Birmingham: We, the *Bushido* fans, ask for more Bushido stuff to be printed in your fantastic, mind-blasting magazine. Although more people enjoy fantasy and SF role-playing, me and my friends think the idea of playing in ancient Japan is great.

Graeme Bishko, Ealing, London: I don't want to appear to be a page-counting scrooge, but I want to know if *Traveller* is to be officially covered by WD anymore, because I believe it has been wiped out in favour of superhero games. In the last six issues there have been 2 pages given over to *Traveller* while *Golden Heroes* is covered on all of 17!!! Back in the good old days, WD called the "Science Fiction and Fantasy Gaming Magazine"; where has the Science Fiction gone?

Barry Shaw, Derby: The amount of space taken up in your magazine by *AD&D* is ridiculous. I'm not saying the game is a complete write-off (mainly because I don't want to be lynched), but it's about as real as a flying pig and as flexible as a mithril sword. How about some multi-system scenarios? Please, please can we have the occasional *Rolemaster* scenario?

Douglas Thompson, Turriff, Aberdeenshire: Thanks for the *MERP* scenario in WD77. It's becoming quite a rare event now thanks to the huge influx of SHrpg material. It was bad enough before with only small mentions of MERP amidst pages and pages of scenarios and articles for *D&D/AD&D*, but now with SHrpgs the situation is multiplied beyond belief. Even major systems like *RQ* are beginning to suffer. Don't let it get worse, please.

Darren Waters & Lloyd Williams, W Glamorgan/Swansea: Our first major complaint is the amount of adverts found between the covers. It's no good having adverts if there are no readers! Our other complaint is that the new editor has totally changed the structure of the magazine. Fair enough, *Fiend Factory* had to go, but not *Starbase*. What have *Traveller* fans got to read, the adverts? No doubt *Treasure Chest* will soon end up on the scrapheap!

Roger Smith, Corby, Northants: Please, please, make *Judge Dredd* a regular feature in your magazine.

Richard Laing, Canterbury, Kent: The withdrawal of *Crawling Chaos* from the pages of WD without so much as a by-your-leave is more sanity-blasting than the sight of Cthulhu himself! You had better rectify this or you will incur the wrath of a large proportion of your readership.

Tim McElwaine, Crowthorne, Berks: I am writing to express my disappointment at the halting of *Runerites*, as I expect *Traveller* players are about *Starbase* and *Cthulhu*

players about *Crawling Chaos*, etc. And this month's issue is an *AD&D* Thieves Special. Do I detect a slight indication of bias? This month's issue contained hardly anything new for Runequesters, especially those who have the cult of Lanbril.

Difficult business, this department thing. When I first looked at a WD planning sheet, and saw almost a dozen of the 36-ish editorial pages 'tied' to departments, my heart sank. Having a more flexible approach to the contents allows us to be more adventurous with the contents we carry, and for that reason I'm glad to see the back of the departments.

At the same time, this might make players of some games think they are being hard done by. In fact, it only affects two groups – players of ***Traveller*** *and****Runequest****. In 1986 neither makes any impact at all in the top 30 games currently on sale, as you'll see if you turn to page 56. On the other hand,* ***Judge Dredd, MERP, AD&D, D&D, Call of Cthulhu, Golden Heroes*** *and* ***Star Trek*** *are bringing new people into the hobby, and they want to read about their games in the magazine.*

*Short of opening a department every time we get a new rpg (****Dredd-lots, Toon Tasters ....****), we can't cope. So why not mix things up, and print the best material for the strongest games system? So, D&D and CoC players have nothing to fear – there's plenty more still to come for you (and next issue's scenario ought to give you an idea of just what we can do).*

Traveller & RQ? Well, not entirely forgotten, but we can't justify regular columns anymore. So, you'll just have to get out there and convert a few of your friends, or keep your eyes on the Dwarf, and see what we come up with ....

Here are some other topics people seem to be interested in.

Tom Jewell: I would like to see some articles on pbm (play-by-mail) games, especially reviews. This is a growing form of role-playing, and the games are interesting; they allow people from different places to communicate and play together which allow a view of how other people play. I play Sloth Enterprise's *Saturnalia*, which is set in a fantasy world with a wide variety of communities. It is relatively cheap and the GMs are friendly and helpful.

Bob Delaney, Northwich, Cheshire: I would like to underline Alan John's letter. I fully agree that there were many, many things wrong with *Treasure Trap* and lrpgs (live-action rpgs) in general, but surely the answer is to learn from those mistakes and do something about the present wrongs, and not to sit back in a warm London office and point them out at every opportunity. There is a great deal to be learned and gained from live-role-playing. For instance, in *RQ* the basic chance of moving silently is 5%. On a stone corridor or stair, I would put it as high as 30% – this is just one of hundreds of examples where things tried in real life are in fact vastly different to what may be imagined or worked out, Basically, what I'm saying is, that even if you can't bring yourself to encourage this valuable game, please don't go out of your way to discourage it.

Anybody else out there interested in pbm or lrpgs?

Tom Buchanan, Fyvie, Aberdeenshire: I would like to make a couple of points about the accuracy of the *Secret Wish* scenario in WD77. First, it is impossible for Glorfindel to have worn platemail "made in Westernesse". Glorfindel fell in Gondolin near the end of the First Age, around 511FA. Westernesse, otherwise known as Numenor, was not created by the Valar until the beginning of the Second Age, ie *after* Glorfindel was dead.

Second, the statement "no other Noldor had golden hair ...." Finarfin, a Prince of the Noldor, had golden hair, as did his descendants, because his mother was a Vanyarian elf. It is thought that Glorfindel was a member of the house of Finarfin, hence the colour of his hair. Another of these 'non-existent', golden-haired Noldor was Galadriel (remember her?). As the name Glorfindel means 'golden hair', its recurrence was not unlikely within the house of Finarfin, and a large part of the rationale for the scenario disappears.

David Buttery, Oadby, Leics: Graeme Davis deserves hearty congratulations for his review of *Lankhmar, City of Adventure (Open Box, WD76)*, as do its makers, TSR. It is one of the best things to have happened to AD&D for too long. However, I have four minor complaints about it.

a) On the world map of Nehwon location numbers 4 and 26 are left out. Number 4's position. The Sea of Monsters, can be deduced from city 29. However, number 26, the City of Tisilinilit, has no other references and cannot be found (having not read all the books in the Sword series, I have no idea where it is.

b) On page 67 the spider god has only half its statistics and no description of its cult. Perhaps TSR think everyone has *Legends & Lore*.

c) I can't find a list of languages in the module, which is depressing as Nehwon has a good few.

d) But my main grievance is the lack of racial bonuses in Lankmar, especially since there are no demi-human character classes. On page 88 it claims they are in the 'adventuring in Lankmar' section, but they are not. Could some world-wise being solve these problems and make my campaign complete? After that you may return to your earth-shatteringly important age and sex disputes.

Matthew Salter, Bridgwater, Somerset: I've been waiting for someone to say that, Shirley (*Letters, WD76*). Now I'm going to throw in my theory that they did exist.

If this turns out to be another letter about women in gaming, I shall scream.

Matthew Salter: Dwarves existed as small, bearded humans, and hobbits (as seen in the film *Time Bandits*) exist still today. Orcs, hobgoblins, goblins and their ilk were hairy men living in caves or other lonely places. Elves? – I have two friends with pointy ears.

So what? Well, in mediaeval times that would have been enough to have them thrown out of a village, and if there were enough of these to make a settlement ...? Bones dating back to the period show height differences of up to a metre for adults. And elf, dwarf and goblin were in the language long before Tolkien came onto the scene.

Garry Lea: Having suggested that this is the kind of thing I would like to see on the *Letters* page, I'd like to make use of it. How do other readers determine exactly when spells have been cast in AD&D? Merely throwing for initiative doesn't seem right , because that can't be tied into the casting times for each spell given in the *Players' Handbook*. Is it not possible to determine which segment a MU starts casting the cpell, and thus when it will be completed? Also, if a fighter is at one end of the room, what difference would the initiative roll make to the decision to run over to an MU and hit him? I've seen the speed factor for different weapons, but how can it be used?

Initiative works fine so long as all you are doing is deciding who goes first in a round, not at what stage in the round things happen. An article we ran in ***Imagine*** *a while ago introduced The Action System, in which – basically – a d10 initiative roll determined how many segments delay there would be before a chosen action could commence. Then you can use casting times and other time-related information to work out who does what when. I know the authors of that piece have been giving it some more thought, particularly since some meddling idiot suggested they could go the whole way and abolish the idea of the 'round' altogether; would readers be interested in seeing this subject re-opened?*

Right, last subject for this month:

Richard Croft, East Grinstead, W Sussex: I would like to comment on Jeremy Burdock's letter (WD77). I must point out I am neither a Christian nor an occultist.

Why is that everybody associates the word occult with devil worship and evil? The occult includes astrology, herbal remedies and paranormal phenomena such as telepathy. Are Christians saying psychics are evil?

All this evil/good philosophy is as farsical as D&D alignment. As I see it, our understanding of evil/good comes from the Bible. Evil is a psychological thing, and we can make it what we want. Books about hypnosis or astrology won't make you evil in the general sense; depraved, psychotic, maybe, but not evil ....

Paul Basham, Cheltenham, Glos: Jeremy Burdock obviously knows nothing about the actual significance of the tarot, astrology and the occult in general. The occult means 'that which is secret' and covers a very broad area of theory and practice. Many aspects of the occult are linked with Christianity; such as the 'holy lance' which pierced Christ's side, and voodoo, which is essentially Christian in origin.

Oh, oh – the old Devil Worship argument again. I remember when all we had to write about in AD&D was rules vs realism. The majority view on that subject eventually came down to the argument of 'it's a game!'. And it applies just as well to this subject. I suspect that most gamers are just having fun, and couldn't give ***that*** *for the proselytizing of either camp. But I don't doubt for a minute that we haven't heard thelast of this ....*

Letters edited by Paul Cockburn

KENNETH WANNBERG
Rerecording Mixers
MacDOUGALL, BOB MINKLER, RAY WEST, MIKE MINKLER, LESTER FRESHOLTZ, RICHARD PORTMAN

JON BERG, PHIL TIPPETT
Miniature Explosions
JOE VISKOCIL, GREG AUER
Computer Animation and Graphic Displays
DAN O'BANNON, LARRY CUBA, JOHN WASH,

PANAVISION® TECHNICOLOR® Prints by DELUXE®
Making Films Sound Better, DOLBY SYSTEM®
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Matte Artist

The producers wish to thank the governm
Institute of Anthropology and History of
National Park Service, United States Depart
for their coopération.

EREK BALL
Casting
E CRITTENDEN, VIC RAMOS
ing Sound Editor
AM SHAW

FRACAS!

Just what exactly is *WARPS*? Staff at Games Workshop's Design Studio in Nottingham seem to be obsessed with WARPS these days, and the disease has spread to engulf several other illuminati from the gaming world. Paul Vernon and Graeme Davis are engaged in long-term projects to do with this strange entity – which is probably why *White Dwarf* is advertising for new contributors.

In fact, Graeme Davis is to become the latest recruit to the happy band of GW workers. For those who don't bother with by-lines on articles, GD has been writing magazine material for the last three or so years, and has appeared in WD as recently as #77! Paul Vernon has chiefly been busy working on his *FateMaster* solo game-books, but some readers will remember his *Starstone* frp campaign, from which WD published selected bits a few years back.

What are they up to? And why are Rick Priestly, Richard Halliwell, Jervis Johnson, Bryan Ansell and others continually disappearing into corners to mutter blood-curdling phrases about Aztec frogs. WARPS maybe, but warped, definitely.

New product news from my pals at TSR and GW. First, TSR, and news that the *D&D Immortals* set is due out in June in the USA, which might mean an August release in the UK. Other than the fact that it is for 36th level and above, what more do you need to know? There will also be a scenario called IM1 *Immortal Storm* within two months of release, so you can be a demi-god by Xmas. Other than that, there are two fascinating repackages; A1-4 is a T1-4 style re-edit of the Slavers modules, and GDQ1-7 is the whole of the old G, D & Q module series rewritten into one huge booklet. I8 is a disguised 'UK' module, featuring the scenario used for the *Games-Fair* Open Competition this year (should be good on past form), and there is also something due in September called the *Dungeoneer's Survival Guide*, a 128pp tome on all matters underground – including some of the information hinted at way back in the D modules about the Realms of the Underdark.

For *Marvel Superheroes*, the *Advanced Rules* will be out soon, with a back-up, MA1 *Children of the Atom* featuring the X-Men. Also coming is the superb MHAC9 *Realms of Magic*, which expands the magic rules for MSH, and in so doing unwittingly presents all role-players with a very usable magic system. Worth a look-see.

Meanwhile, what of Workshop (well, it is their mag, after all). *Dungeon Floorplans II* is the next release from the UK, with the hardback *Call of Cthulhu* book to follow. I've been told that there are plans to do similar repackages of *Stormbringer*, *Pendragon* and *Paranoia* this year.

Also coming from the Workshop, *Tower of Screaming Death* – a solo Warhammer supplement; a back-to-back *Call of Cthulhu* double scenario, *Statue of the Sorceror* and *The Vanishing Conjurer;* and *Slaughter Margin,* a typically understated *Judge Dredd* adventure ....

Graeme Davis isn't the only new face at GW. Tom Kirby, General Manager at TSR UK up until a few weeks ago, has moved to Nottingham. His new role hasn't yet been defined, but rumours have been quashed that he only came so he could interfere on *Pelinore* in *GameMaster Publications*. His departure from TSR UK marks a period of change which might have many repurcussions for the hobby in this country.

Steve Dillon of *Adventurer* magazine stopped to have a brief chat with your correspondent, having just sent A2 to press. The first issue circulated about 33,000 copies, with 27,000 of those going to the potentially risky newstrade. And the misgivings that most people felt about the future for a second rpg magazine were echoed by Steve to an extent; he confirmed that #2 looked a little risky for a while, with overheads being much higher than expected. But it has gone off to be printed, with the following contents: the second part of the *Black Tower* scenario, some V&V material sent in by FGU staff, a Fanzine Overview and a Rob Nott article on magic in frp called *Fire On High*. #3 is to see a 16-page size increase, but 10 pages of this will be taken by the extra advertising Adventurer needs to survive.

Comic role-playing, if I might introduce a new term, is a growing part of the hobby. Superhero rpgs are now an established part of the market, and *Judge Dredd* has made a huge impact on the British scene. Following on from this, GW are hoping to produce a number of new game products over the next year or two. Two titles under discussion are *Rogue Trader* and *Strontium Dogs*.

In the meantime, are you ready for *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles?* Palladium have produced a game based on the comic by Kevin Eastman and Peter Laird, which fully captures its bizarre nature. The game is designed to be played entirely straight-faced, leaving the central joke of the roles players must adopt to stand amidst a flowing adventure of random violence. Great stuff.

A supplement, *After The Bomb*, has already been released, and both will be shipped into this country in greater quantities than hereto. D&D will never seem quite so strange again.

Also appearing on the GW list is *DC Heroes*, the Mayfair superhero game. Like its direct competitor, *Marvel Super Heroes*, DCH aims to recreate the flavour and atmosphere of the comics from which it is drawn. Also like MSH, the game comes with a host of supplements. During the next few months, watch out for *The Doomsday Program*, featuring the evil villain Brainiac and a plot to send the Earth hurtling into Mars; *Escort to Hell*, in which Jonah Hex escorts the daughter of a Sisco official to confront the hostile beings of an alien world; *Fire and Ice*, a beginners' adventure; *Countdown to Armageddon,* a one-on-one featuring Superman and Brainiac, and *Four Horsemen of Apokolips,* where the master baddies Darksid and DeSaad face up to the Justice League of America. Also coming, a 96-page reference work entitled *Legion of Super Heroes Vol 1*, with full stats and background for the Legion and its foes.

This doesn't mean GW have abandoned *Golden Heroes*, although there are those who have been saying all along that licensed products would always beat non-licensed in a straight fight. From a gamer's point of view, the best news about this coup is that they will be able to get their hands on one of the best box-fulls ever produced. Holy play-aids, Batman ....

Odds and ends time. Alistair Bell of Cartmel College, Lancaster University, is organising an attempt on the Guiness-recognised record for endurance D&D role-playing. The attempt will start at 9am, 12th June and finish (one way or another) by 9am, 16th June. The group will be trying to raise money for the Community Action Group through their efforts, and we'll report how they get on in two months' time.

GAMES WORKSHOP

TOP FIFTEEN BEST SELLERS

1. Citadel Journal III(GW)
2. Floor Plans 1(GW)
3. McDeath(GW)
4. Citadel New Gods(GM Pubs)
5. MERP(GW)
6. Compendium III(GW)
7. Judge Dredd RPG(GW)
8. Judgement Day(GW)
9. Talisman(GW)
10. Best of WD Scenarios III(GW)
11. Warhammer(GW)
12. Riders Of Rohan(ICE)
13. Judge Dredd B/G(GW)
14. Warrior Knights(GW)
15. DM'S Guide(TSR)